THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL IN THE NORTH.

He Addresses a Great Gathering of His Countrypeople in Belfast, on May 26, and Defines the Position of the Hierarchy.

Respectful Hot Shot for Archbishop Walsh and Bishop Nulty.

Mr. Parnell, who on coming forward received quite an ovation, the entire audience rising to their feet and cheering enthusiastically, said: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: In what I shall say to you tonight I shall claim your permission to deal with the important question we are here to consider solely from a political point of view, not at all from the religious or the moral point of view (cheers). I claim this for myself, for this meeting and for Ireland, that this is a political question to be decided from political considerations, and from political considerations only (cheers). I am aware that another claim has been made by a body of eminent dignitaries whose opinion and judgment are entitled to every respect. And why do I ask that you should reject that counter claim? Because the body to whom I allude—of whom I shall speak, as I have always spoken, with every respect—has, in my humble judgment, deprived itself of the right to deal with this question from a moral point of view, certainly as a body by an act of omission, and certainly as regards one or two of its prominent members by an act of commission (cheers). Now, what is the act of omission? The act of omission was the failure of the hierarchy to take action for seventeen long days after the verdict. They waited until the question had been made a political question by

THE LETTER OF MR. GLADSTONE

before they took any action. That is the act of omission. If it had been the moral question, which it is now asserted to be by so many of the clergy throughout this country, I submit that the highest teachers of morality in the Catholic church ought not to have watched a hundred and seventeen of their priests at five important conventions, ought not to have watched hundreds and thousands of the Catholic laity and many Irish Catholic members of parliament declare themselves on my side, without having hastened to express their opinion as to the moral question. Well, now, what is the act of commission? Certainly on the part of two members of the hierarchy—there may be more; I do not know of them. These two members to whom I refer have exalted positions in that body—exalted positions both from the point of view of religion and of patriotism. The one is his grace the archbishop of Dublin, the other his grace the lord bishop of Meath (hear, hear). At

THE CONVENTION HELD IN NAVAN,

in the county of Meath, after the verdict on the 20th, and the three days after the verdict, and attended by many priests, a resolution of confidence in my leadership and political rectitude was adopted, and the determination to uphold me was come to. The bishop of Meath (Dr. Nulty), on the evening of the same day informed Mr. Timothy Healy (groans) that in his judgment my political position and leadership must be upheld (cheers). That was the act of commission on the part of the lord Bishop of Meath which, I submit, puts him out of court (cheers). The claim he now makes upon his parishioners is that they are guilty of sin if they do now, after Mr. Gladstone's letter is known, the same thing he told Mr. Healy ought to be done before Mr. Gladstone's letter had been written (cheers). But what is my case against his grace the archbishop of Dublin? It was remarked by some of the newspapers during this controversy that the bishops—the Irish hierarchy—had acted on political motives, and that the 17 days' delay which had taken place, debarred them from claiming, as I have pointed out, that they acted from moral or religious motives (cheers). His grace the archbishop of Dublin, in writing to one of the newspapers to controvert this view, said that the bishops had waited during these seventeen days in order to give me the opportunity of retiring voluntarily, and he states that he himself had written a letter to a certain gentleman, which letter was placed before me before Mr. Gladstone's letter was published, advising

MY RETIREMENT.

This was quite true. His grace did write such a letter on the 24th of November, seven days after the verdict, but that letter contained a good deal of other very important matter besides the recommendation that I should retire. I did not think his grace should have alluded to that letter, or any portion of it, without giving at the same time permission that the whole of it should be published (hear hear), so that his grace's attitude in regard to this question prior to the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter might be defined and clearly made known to the world. I have obtained permission from the gentleman to whom the letter was written, and who was directed by his grace to show it to me; I have obtained permission from him to give my recollection of some of the contents of that letter, in addition to the portion of it which his grace has published himself. If my recollection is in error or at fault it will be possible for his grace to set me right by the publication of the whole of the letter (cheers), and I say that his grace, if my memory serves me right, in writing the letter put himself out of court, and deprived himself of the right of saying that this is now a moral question, and that my supporters throughout Ireland in supporting me are guilty of sin. For what did that letter contain? My recollection of the letter is clear and distinct. It was a letter advising my retirement, not on the ground of morality, but on the ground of political expediency—political expediency and nothing else (hear, hear, and cheers). Oh, not a word about morality or religion in the whole of it. But it went further than that. It was written on the 24th of November, the day before the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter. The Leinster Hall meeting had then been held. Mr. Healy (loud groans) and other members of parliament had met, and strong speeches had been made in my support declaring their determination to stand by me. Five great county conventions had been held throughout Ireland, at which over a hundred priests attended and sanctioned by their presence the adoption of resolutions in support of my political position and my right to continue the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party (oh). Several members of parliament had also attended these conventions and made speeches in a similar direction in support of my continued leadership. Not one word at any of these conventions, attended so numerously by the Irish priesthood, as to it being

A SIN TO SUPPORT MR.

(Cheers). Well, what did his grace say after these conventions, after this Leinster Hall meeting, after these repeated declarations of these Irish members in my support? What did his grace say in that letter of the 24th of November? His grace said——"

At this stage a slight disturbance was created by the interruption of an individual in the hall, who, however, was promptly ejected. When order had been restored Mr. Parnell resumed his speech:

"His grace said, after these events, after this action of the Irish members in my support: All that has been done up to the present by the Irish members is excellent." But if it was excellent for the Irish members from the moral or political point of view to support my leadership before Mr. Gladstone's letter was printed, why is it criminal for my supporters throughout the country to support my leadership tonight? (Loud cheers.) I thought it well to lift up a small corner of the curtain which up to the present has concealed many of the important events attending these occurrences. I do not know when the full history of all these things will come to be written—but I do say this, that we can at least claim the merit of consistency in our proceedings (hear, hear). We can at least claim that we have not turned our backs upon our past record. We can at least claim that we have not gone into a room and made speeches in adultation of a man, proposed his unanimous election to his former position by acclamation, and then, within two hours afterwards, because a letter is written by an English statesman, turn tail upon our former professions and declarations." (Groans, and cries of "Shame.")

Knights of St. Patrick Excursion.

On June 24, the Knights of St. Patrick will give a grand excursion to Lake Geneva on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. The following committee have completed arrangements: Ald. John Powers, J. H. Howard, Wm. Tobin, P. J. Kennedy, John Shannon, John Tobin, John Byron and J. H. Carmody. The train will leave Chicago at 8 a. m. sharp, and as the Knights are well known for their ability to manage such affairs, it is expected that a large number of Chicago's best citizens will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit Geneva Lake at a slight expense. Tickets for the round trip are placed at $2, including steamer on the lake. Mr. John S. Cooke, of this city, has placed his beautiful summer resort at the disposal of the Knights on that day. This is a sufficient guarantee that all who participate on that occasion will have plenty opportunity to enjoy themselves. Handsome and expensive prizes will be given for the following contests: Young ladies' race, young men's race, fat men's race, base ball game, football game, best lady and gentleman waltzer, etc. Prof. Forrest, with his excellent band, has been engaged for the occasion. The Knights of St. Patrick extend a cordial invitation to their friends to accompany them on the excursion, and guarantee them a good time.

Across the Deep, to the Far West,

On steamboats, cars and stage-coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a fine defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick headache, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and biliousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists hat more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE IRISH CRISIS.

Mr. James W. Moore of This City Gives Pretty Plain Views of Mr. Parnell's Opponents.

Archbishop Croke and Tim Healy Severely Criticised.

[THE CITIZEN does not assume responsibility for the opinions of its correspondents.]

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, June 8.—It would seem that there is no end to the storm of jealous rage and scurrilous abuse leveled at Mr. Parnell by hypocritical Englishmen and recreant Irishmen. Press and platform are being used to disseminate vile accusations, and the pulpit dedicated to holy purposes is a safe and convenient place from which to hurl hard epithets at the young lion of Irish politics. Ever since the day when in Committee room No. 15 a majority of the men supposed to represent Irish opinion repudiated their leader at the bidding of an English political trickster the uncompromising national sentiment of Ireland has been on the side of Parnell. Denunciation, threats, intrigue, lying, the shameless recreancy of men elected to follow him, and the powerful onslaught of the bishops and priests aided by the forces of corrupt Whiggery have failed to down the man who upholds the flag of Ireland's independence. But the political morass through which Mr. Parnell is at present passing is to some extent of his own creation. Previous to 1883 the movement in Ireland and the Irish party in parliament was independent alike of the English Whigs and Irish church influence. Later, however, both those elements were allowed to gain a mastery over the national movement. For six years the resolutions emanating from political meetings in Ireland were sickening to the national heart and the representatives of the people in parliament all but kissed the toe of Gladstone. National opinion was stifled and the national flag was lowered to suit the political exigencies of Gladstone & Co. The health of the queen was drunk at Irish gatherings in Dublin, the existence of the Irish National party in America was ignored, and their influence as a factor in the settlement of the national question denied. Now we are told—and I for one am satisfied to believe it—that the state of things was tolerated solely for the purpose of conciliating English opinion and coaxing from Gladstone some recognition of Ireland's right to rule herself. But Gladstone and the Irish clergy have now joined hands to dragoon Parnell from public life and to kill the national idea.

Gladstone, the leader of the anti-Parnell crusade, has been during the whole course of his public life a dishonest politician. He never treated with decency, leniency, honesty or fair play any little power that became subservient to him. He is the most unscrupulous, unprincipled and hypocritical public man of this age. He is a fierce and deadly enemy of Irish national rights, and his tiny measure of 1886 labeled with the misnomer "Home Rule" was proposed with a view to quell the fierce tide of national resentment. Gladstone has danced to the tune of threatened Irish national vengeance, and if he lives long enough he may do so again.

Dr. Croke, of Thurles, the leader of the anti national Church party, is the self-constituted high priest of the more dignified opposition to Mr. Parnell. He, recently in a political harangue at New Inn, denounced the Irish leader in language that Dublin hucksters would scarcely use towards each other. Evidently his Grace is wroth because Mr. Parnell has since this crisis commenced taken no notice of his high toned platitudes. For years it was well known that his Grace would like to ruin or rule the Parnell movement. Many of the readers of THE CITIZEN will remember that Dr. Croke has eulogised himself as "unchanged and unchangeable," and that he often declares himself to be an Irish Nationalist. Now Dr. Croke is a very changed and changeable politician, and he is simply and purely an Irish Whig. Words spoken from his own lips will fully confirm these assertions. Dr. Croke is an able but not a brilliant man, and whatever fame attaches to his name was earned by writing sensational letters and making sensational speeches at opportune times. Some people thought he earned great fame by standing between Rome and the Land League, but if he stood aside the gifted young leader of the League would have "sat down" so defiantly on Roman dictation that it would not dare to show its head at this moment. Dr. Croke stood well by the Land League, but when the mighty organization was crippled by coercion, when terrorism held sway through the country and Parnell and 1,000 others were in prison, he surely betrayed it by condemning the "No Rent" manifesto. When William O'Brien some years ago was exposing the sodomite faction around Dublin Castle, Dr. Croke would not approve of his good work lest it might cause scandal among the people. Strange to say, he is not now so solicitous of the people's morals, but is reminding them day after day of Mr. Parnell's error. Our church does not recognize divorce, but ever since Gladstone declared that Parnell must go Dr. Croke and his adherents have arrayed themselves in the garb of political proselytizers and are denouncing the Irish leader from the pulpit and platform. But Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Croke have attacked the wrong man. Their whining, vascillating and incompetent protege, McCarthy, aided by all the rotten elements in Irish public life will not prove potent enough to drive Parnell from the leadership. He stands today for the dream of Davis, he fills Meagher's conception of a true Irishman. He is heart and soul for Ireland and in line with the prompting of the national demand, and in sympathy with the yearning of the national heart. He displays superb courage, and the supreme ability he exhibits in fighting his foes is a reminder of the days of Mitchel. On Parnell's side is the green flag of Ireland with all that its loved folds imply. Opposing him actively is the vindictive Healy together with all the elements of weakness, deceit, treachery, corruption and degeneracy that flock around him, representing the men who betrayed Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. They are politically the descendants of the men who wrecked the '48 movement and made Ireland a "corpse on a dissecting table." Many of them proclaimed their loyalty in Fenian times and thousands of them did not join the Land League until compelled to do so.

Looking back over the last sixteen years who can accuse Parnell of dishonesty? Who will say Ireland has not been his idol. He did not bring to her service the brilliancy of Young Ireland. He did not conspire like Tone, nor hate like Mitchel nor prepare for action like the men of '65 and '67. No, but he has accomplished what no other Irishman ever achieved. He has organized into a solid column his defenceless countrymen. The self-reliance that Davis dreamed of has by his wisdom and determination become a living and enduring reality. He united in one solid phalanx all that was worth uniting in Ireland. He founded an independent Irish party, and his genius, statesmanship and tact drove English parties from office and made himself and his country respected by both English factions. His watchfulness and energy aided by other influences made a "Home Ruler" of Gladstone. But all this time his camp was filled with traitors and at last they have shown their true colors.

The national spirit of Ireland must now assert itself. Parnell is the ablest and greatest man of our race living today. He is an incomparable statesman, leader, diplomat, tactician and fighter if you will. He is today the greatest representative of our national honor and dignity. He has snapped the chains of the "Liberal" alliance and proclaims himself an Irish Nationalist. He deserves the love and respect and financial support of the Irish race. I do not share the feeling that sustaining Parnell is encouraging factiousness. If there are factions in Ireland they are not of Parnell's making. Those opposed to him are mostly unreliable politicians, religious cranks and invete rate Whigs. Every Irish Nationalist should support Parnell. Clerical dictation and domineering in politics must be killed outright. Those who are not with Parnell are against him. No true Irish National ist should be ashamed to rally to the support of the man who is saving Ireland's flag from the cowards who would lower it in the dust.

JAMES W. MOORE

AN INDIAN SCARE.

The Early Days of the Settlement of Nebraska.

[*Noah Brooks, in June St. Nicholas.*]

All hands were glad when the big double cabin of the Battles family came in sight about midnight, conspicuous on a rise of the rolling prairie, and black against the sky. Lights were burning brightly in one end of the cabin; in the other end a part of the company had gone to sleep, camping on the floor. Hot coffee and corn bread were ready for the new comers, and Younkins, with a tender regard for the lads, who were unaccustomed to milk when at home, brought out a big pan of delicious cool milk for their refreshment. Altogether, as Sandy confessed to himself, an Indian scare was not without its fun. He listened with great interest to the tales that the settlers had to tell of the exploits of "Gray Wolf," the leader and chief of the Cheyennes. He was a famous man in his time, and some of the old settlers of Kansas will even now remember his name with awe. The boys were not at all desirous of meeting the Indian foe, but they secretly hoped that if they met any of the redskins they would see the far famed Gray Wolf.

While the party, refreshed by their late supper, found a lodging anywhere on the floor of the cabin, a watch was set outside, for the Indians might pounce upon them at any hour of the day or night. Those who had mounted guard during the earlier part of the evening went to their rest. Charlie, as he dropped of to sleep, heard the footsteps of the sentry outside and said to himself, half in jest, "The Wolf is at the door."

But no wolf came to disturb their slumbers. The bright and cheerful day, and the song of birds dispelled the gloom of the night, and fear was lifted from the minds of the anxious settlers, some of whom, separated from wife and children, were troubled with thoughts of homes despoiled and crops destroyed. Just as they had finished breakfast and were preparing for the march to the fort, now only two or three miles away, a mounted man in the uniform of a United States dragoon dashed up to the cabin, and with a flourish of soldierly manner, informed the company that the commanding officer at the post had information that the Cheyennes, instead of crossing over to the Republican as had been expected, or attacking the fort, had turned and gone back the way they came. All was safe, and the settlers might go home assured that there was no danger to themselves or their families.

Having delivered this welcome message in a grand and semi officious manner, the corporal dismounted from his steed in answer to a pressing invitation from the Battles, and unbent himself like an ordinary mortal to partake of a very hearty breakfast of venison, corn bread and coffee. The company unslung their guns and rifles, sat down again, and regaled themselves with pipes, occasional cups of strong coffee and yet more exhilarating tales of the exploits and adventures of Indian slayers of the earlier time on the Kansas frontier. The great Indian scare was over. Before night fell again every settler had gone his own way to his claim, glad that things were no worse, but grumbling at Uncle Sam for the niggardliness which had left the region so defenseless when an emergency had come.

"SWEET AUBURN."

More About the Section of Ireland Rendered Classical by the Genius of Oliver Goldsmith.

A Few Excerpts From the Works of the Genial Poet.

SWEET AUBURN.

Within the roofless walls we tried to map out the interior, especially the kitchen where (for I think we all connect the scenes in the "Vicar of Wakefield" with the real life of the Goldsmith family) that memorable group of the Vicar's family was painted for fifteen shillings a head. We furbished up—from the storehouse of memory—old times' tables and dresser and and meal chest and chairs and spinning-wheel, and then saw the whole family, in all their bravery, pose before the itinerant artist "who did not spare his colors." I cannot resist giving the picture before quitting the modest mansion.

"My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbor Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who traveled the country, and took likenesses for 15 shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having therefore engaged the limner (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our tastes in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were

DRAWN WITH SEVEN ORANGES—

a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Wistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting on a bank of flowers, dressed in green joseph richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. . . . . The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colors; for which my wife gave him

GREAT ENCOMIUMS.

We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was sketched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbors."

Then we traced out the parlor, and fancied the family assembled—when the sun had gone down and the Vicar and his sons "returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; for sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poors' box."

"If I go," writes Goldsmith from London to Daniel Hodson at Lishoy in 1757—"to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy's fireside and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good Night' from Peggy Golden."

Yet one picture more; it is that of the boy Oliver showing in his childhood a spark of that keen wit with which in after life he sometimes showed himself, gentle as was his heart, a dangerously edged tool for ill natured and small minded men to play with.

The story is told by all his biographers, and relates how once at a family gathering, when the dancers ceased a while "to tire each other down," little Oliver suddenly caught the spirit of some lively tune, and, "taking the floor," danced merrily about the room. The fiddler coarsely jested, as did some "refined" souls in London society later on, on the plainness of the child, who had been greatly disfigured by the smallpox, exclaiming with a laugh, "*Æsop!*" The sensitive boy, stung by the brutality, ceased his dance, and with one clean stroke completely turned the laugh against the man by repeating

"Heralds! proclaim aloud! all saying
See *Æsop* dancing and his *monkey* playing."

There is not now very much for the curious to examine in and around Goldsmith's early home, but the ruin, seen from the high road, is an exceedingly picturesque one, and the wife of the farmer residing alongside made a very good suggestion regarding it: that means ought to be taken by some public body to preserve it in its present condition, as the work is scarcely one a farmer could be expected to undertake. Speaking of our hostess' interest in the subject reminds me of the great pleasure it gave us to find that almost every man and woman in the neighborhood will discuss the poet, his life, and his works with as keen an appreciation of him and them as has many a visitor with pretentions to taste and culture, who hails Paddy on the side of the road to come and point out the landmarks. We did not meet one man who, in indicating our route, did so in commonplace words; no, the very reaper who came to the hedge in response to a question, waved his hand towards the opposite height with "That, ladies, is 'the decent church that tops the neighboring hill.'" True, while exceedingly civil, the peasantry around

ARE A RATHER RESERVED PEOPLE;

they will speak freely, but will not always converse openly with strangers—there is a great difference here—but when they will converse, each one can give some most useful and interesting information. We met one farmer—he kindly came from his house to ascend a height (I can scarcely say hill in this part of the country) and describe the various places in view. He had evidently read Forster's life and other lives of Goldsmith; compared them, studied their contents with the aid of local knowledge and feelings, and had thought deeply over what the poet's real life was; what he had won; how small his gain when weighed against what he lost by being forced to leave forever the peace, the many simple but true joys that might have been his amid loved rural scenes. We longed for some more lasting memorial of this spot than flowers could be, and great was our exultation to find in one part of the deep apertures in the wall a store of old horseshoes which the farmer's children, perhaps, had picked up in paddock and fields around. To my lot fell one which I insist upon believing shod the Vicar's horse, old Blackberry. And it might be so, for its odd pattern is quite unlike that of any other horseshoe I have ever picked up.

At the gate we met a young girl who lived in the field opposite, in the first Land League hut erected in this district. The young girl gladly brought us through the meadow to a spot she and all the country folk around call "Goldsmith's Mound." It is—as the poet himself describes it—opposite the gate of Lissoy parsonage, and here, each one will tell you, the boy would sit and gaze around at the pleasant scenes so dear to him that once, writing from London, in 1757 to a gentleman (Daniel Hodson, Esq.) who had helped him in a time of need, he says: "If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more [illegible] prospect, I confess to you, sir, that [illegible] be placed on the little mount before Lishoy house, and there take in—to me—most pleasing horizon in nature."

The "little mount" is like a fish or lie, composed of gravel, and perhaps gave originality its name or Lishoy or Lissoy to the place around. "Oh! it was lovely when I was a child—all a grove of trees; but they cut them down a few years ago, and now the road contractors are drawing away the gravel—soon Goldsmith's Mound will be gone"—said our guide, regretfully, as she went from flower to flower to gather us a bouquet. The delicate fairy-flax, from which the good people spin the thread for their fairy linen; tiny blue gentian, quaking grass, crowfoot, and many another flower bejewelled the grass beside us where we sat, listening to the young girl's description of her life and her thoughts about the world outside Auburn; the world that proved such a hard and one to the sensitive poet whose life she had read in a little book to be had at the shop at the cross-roads, where—to her grief—the Sunday evening's dance is never held now.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

John Brown Believed in Doing, Not Talking

Brown placed emphasis on "doing." He despised "mere talk." He would do for others what he would have others do for him. The character of his "doing" in Virginia, considered from a military point of view, struck the country generally as it did the young Virginian, who asked in amazement, "What on earth did you think you could do here with nineteen men?" The "folly of the thing" was the phrase everywhere tossed about. It is by no means certain that there was so much folly in it as was generally supposed. It is claimed that a strong defense can be made of Brown's original plan. He said that he betrayed himself by a too tender regard for the feelings of the inhabitants. But, to wander in uncertain speculations of this sort, is to lose sight of the whole significance of the deed as it stands confessed in history. What is of consequence is to follow along the train of events his action marshalled into victorious motion, swelling the party opposed to slavery by millions of hearts, fixing, as the succeeding months illustrated his deed, the signature of the North to the proclamation of the emancipation of which Lincoln was but the scribe. "A new saint," said Emerson, "than whom none purer or more brave was ever led by love of man into conflict or death—a new saint waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross."—*From "An Anti-Slavery Hero" by Sidney H Morse, in New England Magazine for June.*

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

There was a gloom over the faces of all as the last of the forms sank in the waves. But there was little time for sorrow. They were short handed in the vessel, and it required all of their their attention to repair the sails and to supply new ones from the ship's stores for those that the storm had torn to shreds.

"If we keep on at this rate," said Frangois exultingly, "we shall not be long until we see France.

"I am not going to France, Frangois—at least not directly," replied Eugene, as they both looked over the bulwarks towards the Irish shores.

"What!" cried the astonished youth. "Not coming to France! What do you mean to do?"

"To land on Irish soil again, Frangois," said Eugene, amused at his young friend's surprise.

"What for? A soldier's sword is needed there no more."

"I am going to pay a visit, Frangois—a long promised visit, and a long deferred one."

"But your friends—those gentlemen we met that night—they are all dead or in prison, you have told me."

"So they are, Frangois; but there are other friends whom I wish to see—indeed, whom I must see. You remember the night we drove to the boat?"

"Well. Capital reason I have to remember it."

"And the visit I paid?"

"Yes."

"Frangois, I mean to vist there tonight if God gives me strength and life."

"But you will be arrested, Eugene. MacNevin tells us that a reign of terror exists in Dublin—that the jails are full, and the battlements of the bridges decked with rebels' heads. Is that not so, MacNevin?"

"Yes, I have seen them myself," said MacNevin, who had joined them.

"Hear that, Eugene! See the dangers you run."

"It does not matter. It is my destiny to go there—and I shall. Not all the terrors of an English prison could dissuade me."

"It is an unwise intention, M Lefebre," said MacNevin gravely. "I am an Irishman myself, and yet I never intend to place my foot on the soil of that land again, dearly as I love it. It is no place now for a free man. And why you with your high command in the French service, with your youth and the brilliant prospect opening before you——"

"Why I should choose to do so you cannot understand?" broke in Eugene. "Well, I cannot fully explain, but go I must. Do you know what day this is, Frangois?"

"A curious question to ask. It is the last day of October."

"So it is, Frangois. It is a night when spirits are abroad and the dead leave their graves, and they call it in Ireland Hallowe'en. Twenty-five years ago on this night a French man-of-war was wrecked in a storm on this coast. Not a French soldier or sailor lived to tell the tale but one—her captain. He held a name remarkable in France; but fate brought him to the Irish shore that Hallowe'en night, a quarter of a century ago. He presented himself—a waif that destiny bore from the wave and storm—at a gentleman's mansion, and while—as the story was told me—the family were enjoying themselves. It was a night of storm and wind—something like last night—and the appearance of the half drowned sailor washed ashore from the vanished ship was not a little calculated to alarm them. It was, however, a dear, fair girl who was the most terrified and frightened at his unbidden appearance, and who afterwards became his wife—and—and my mother."

The speaker's voice trembled with emotion, and for a time he ceased whilst his eyes sought out the ranges of the cloudlike tints on the rim of the horizon—the faint far off hills of Ireland.

"I never knew before," said Frangois, in low, serious tones, "that you had Irish blood in your veins. I do not wonder now you were so fond of Ireland."

"Nor should I have told you now, Frangois, but that an unwonted softness is in my heart. Perhaps it is the poor fellows who have gone to their low bed in the deep waters—forgotten and unknown—that have caused it. But for the last hour or so I have been thinking—of what do you think?"

"Heaven knows, Eugene—in your adventurous life there must be so many events to think of!"

"Not of any of them. I was thinking of my mother's grave."

"But that, my dear Eugene," said Frangois, the tears welling sympathetically into his eyes, "should be rather the reason why you should visit France."

"She is buried in Ireland, Frangois—her grave is in Irish soil."

"Ah! how sad—away from dear France," said Frangois, with a feeling of deep regret in his voice—for to him absence from his own country, living or dead, seemed the acme of all grief and sorrow.

"Well, perhaps, not sad after all," said Eugene, an airy smile breaking through his previously grave and serious, if not depressed, face, as the enthusiastic love of his young friend for France exhibited itself somewhat irrationally in this remark. "Her rest may be as peaceful under Irish grass and under Irish sunlight as elsewhere. I hope to see it, however, before I see France."

"After all, if you will permit me to urge it," said MacNevin gently, "that is not a reason strong enough to make you peril your safety and freedom by landing now on Irish soil."

"Quite right, MacNevin," urged Frangois earnestly; "there is no feeling of reverence for the dead that can justify danger to the living. I myself would like to see——"

"I am sure you would, Frangois—anyone that was dear to you; and I shall be sworn, considerations of danger would not deter you. But I did not finish my story. As twenty five years ago a half drowned sailor presented himself before the merry group in the mansion I spoke of, so two years ago on this very evening, I myself, heaven knows without any intention of following, or even knowledge of the precedent, presented myself there, with equally alarming effects."

"Ah! Citizen Lefebre, I see!" said Frangois gaily. "There is a fair girl in this story, too. Well, in that case, sorry as I am and shall be for your absence, I cannot have the heart to urge you to remain with us."

The news of Eugene's intention spread quickly among the little party, to whom it came with infinite regret, but there was no altering his decision.

Indeed, he felt himself powerless to do so. The yearning within him to see Seamore again—to see even the lights burning in its windows, much less those so dear to him within walls—was too powerful for him to control. Dangers, imprisonment, death itself would not stay him in his intention.

The ship's head was altered, and as the dusk was closing and the lamps began to appear on the distant coast, Eugene put out from the ship's side in a small punt belonging to her.

"Good-bye, Frangois," cried Eugene. "We shall meet again. Good bye, all!"

"Good-bye, Eugene," responded Frangois.

"Good-bye, M. Lefebre! Farewell, Ireland! I shall see your fair shores nevermore!" said MacNevin. "Trampled and crushed, but fair and thrice beloved land, farewell—for ever farewell!"

The vessel's prow was turned seaward, and in a short time a tiny speck on the distant waters showed where their gallant friend was pursuing his solitary way to that land which the others were, indeed, destined never more to see.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE DEATH OF TONE.

Eugene landed at the basin at Ringsend, and, mooring his little skiff to one of the rings that depended from the granite blocks that formed it, leaped lightly to the quay, and took his way along the south wall to the city.

The dusk had fallen, and the lamps began to appear by ones and twos; lights grew in the shops as he walked swiftly along; and here and there a flickering gleam showed where, on the black surface of the river, vessels were anchored.

There was no vehicle to be had in this half abandoned fishing village where he had landed, and he could not expect to find a jingle nearer than the heart of the metropolis.

This was in no sense a disappointment to him; rather he we glad of the opportunity of a walk; it was a novelty, and a refreshing one, to him who had been so long cooped up within the narrow limits of a man-of-war or the still more confined boundaries of a cave on the Donegal high lands; and so he stepped out briskly and faced for Sackville street.

His heart was light and his spirits high. True, the dreams of fame and honor to be won on Irish soil were over; the bright visions that danced before his eyes for years past had vanished suddenly into the gloomy land where the ghosts of things that might have been, but are not, wander in grim and uncouth shape. The high hopes of the day when, amid the thunders of the French cannon, the flashing of French sabres, the charges of French cuirassiers, and the rolling volleys of French musketeers, the banner of a liberated Ireland should be unfurled amid the smoke of victory, were gone like last year's snow, never to return.

But what of all that? He had done his best; he had labored zealously to change his dreams into realities, to turn his hopes into assured prophecies; he had done all that his right hand found to do to aid in the good cause; but the fates had been against him. The fortunes of war lay doggedly with the enemy. Chivalrous impulse, gallant effort, high-hearted enterprise, all had been enlisted in the grand cause of freedom, but with non success. What brave hearts could do had been done. Where, therefore, was the use of repining?

"No chains so unworthy to bind thee
As those of a vain regret."

Eugene may not have thought these things in this order, as with swift pace he proceeded on his way, but they alternated in his mind with other matters. He was too much of a Frenchman to burthen himself with unavailing regrets; he had fought the good fight and had been worsted; and he began to look upon the past as if it had never existed—as if it were but the hateful memory of a fevered and disordered dream.

In doing this he had—besides his light-hearted mercurial nature—a powerful aid. And that was the bright eyes and fair face of Helen Barrington. In the happiness of soon seeing her, of having his soul gladdened with a glance at the glory of her rare handsomeness, of hearing her musical voice come in welcoming tones to his ears, like angel sounds from Paradise, disappointment and sorrow, imprisonment, exile, the prison hulk, and the storm-tossed ship, all the memories of the past, faded from his mind—vanished as the dark things of the night vanish before the first gleams of the rising sun.

Curiously enough, no thought of Sir Trevor Mortimer obtruded itself to disturb his delighted anticipations.

His mind was filled with radiant visions of her. How would she look? Was her face as fair, her eyes as bright as when last he saw her? Had she ever thought of him in all his time of imprisonment, his escape, and his stay in France? Did a remembrance of him cross her mind what time the Hoche tossed and tumbled on the stormy waste of waters, with the warring sea beneath, the hurricane around, and the black sky streaked with lurid lightning above? Did a prayer for him come from her lips, mayhap, what time the thunders of the British fleet were turned on the gallant ship, and the red line of fire from her guns dauntlessly replied to the foe? Did that invisible spell that connects loving hearts, though miles of land and sea lie between, that carries the sudden throb of danger or the soft thrill of joy—mysterious but certain current!—bear to her sudden sinking of heart during the long hours when the overmatched Hoche fought her foes, until her decks were strewn with her gallant dead and her scuppers ran with blood, and the smoke of their guns ascended until it arched the Donegal hills, ten miles away?

Ah, the Hoche! And Tone?

He had somehow forgotten Tone of late, and he paused in wonderment at himself and his forgetfulness. What had become of him? Brave and enthusiastic Irishman! How did his true and faithful heart bear the——

A hand was quietly laid on his shoulder—not so quietly, however, but that it made him start in its suddenness and unexpectedness. His mind was so occupied with its train of thoughts—so high-wrought—that this interruption came upon him with startling effect.

He was passing by an inn, whose lighted window flung the glare of its lamps full on his face.

"Lefebre!"

"Yes, I am he," said Eugene quickly, turning around to see his accoster, and for the moment believing it was Tone himself who spoke; but a glance undeceived him.

"I knew your face, though I saw it but once."

"I don't remember," said Eugene disconcertedly, "having seen you before."

"You have, nevertheless."

"Pardon me, but where?"

"You remember the meeting in——"

"The night I left for France?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly."

"I was one of those present that night."

"I am glad to meet you again," said Eugene with ready courtesy extending his hand, though, indeed, now that the cause was lost beyond hope of recovery or recall, he would have preferred not meeting any of his former acquaintances. It could do no good, it interfered with his present intentions, and every moment was valuable to him. He had ventured on Irish ground again for a special business, and that carried out or otherwise, the colors of France beckoned to him from afar.

Perhaps something of this shone in his face a second after his greeting, for the stranger apologetically said:

"Excuse me for addressing you and delaying you. I know your mission and your anxiety as well as if you told me, and respect both. Nor would I stay your course, but that I know you would be glad to know something of your former companion—Tone."

"Tone!" cried Eugene quickly. "What of him? I was thinking of him when you interrupted me. Where is he? What of him?"

"Come with me," said the stranger softly; and forthwith he led the way into the house, followed by Eugene.

The latter was quite surprised to see the number of men that were gathered at the bar drinking, and still more surprised when the sudden opening of a door at the end disclosed a large room crowded with people.

The stranger passed into a little apartment shut off from the rest of the shop by a small door and a red curtain hung from a brass bar at the top.

"About Tone?" said Eugene anxiously, as the stranger stood still for a second or two after entering, apparently revolving some thought in his mind.

"Tone, M. Lefebre, is in prison in the city."

"In this city—in Dublin?"

"Yes; he was brought here from the north—where he was taken prisoner."

"But he will be liberated?"

"I fear not."

"He is a prisoner of war."

"I fear not."

"He is a commissioned officer in the French service."

"Even so, it will not avail."

"Will not avail!" cried Eugene perplexedly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"The English government won't recognize that. They look upon him as a rebel, taken with arms in his hands, as hundreds and thousands have been within the last four months. The fate meted out to them they will mete out to him."

"What is that?"

"Death—death on the scaffold."

"No! It cannot be possible! Dishonoring death on the scaffold! It is impossible!"

"It may be a dishonoring death in your land," said the stranger; "it is not here. It is the shrine at which for many a year the bravest and most gallant of Irish hearts have offered up their lives for the freedom of their country. But that is not to the point. Honoring or dishonoring, that is the doom intended for him."

"Bonaparte will interfere—the First Consul will prevent it."

"He *has* interfered. He has threatened to take summary vengeance on the English officers in his prisons if Tone's life be sacrificed. But to no use. He may shoot them by the dozen, the score, the hundred if he likes. A stroke of the pen at the war office can create successors to them. But Tone's life will not be more safe. They would rather lose a general battle than spare *his* life. Well they might."

"Are you certain of this? Do you speak with certain knowledge?" asked Eugene, in great anxiety and perplexity.

"With certainty itself. He has been tried by court martial and sentenced. The workmen are engaged for the past few days erecting the scaffold outside his cell window. Every stroke of the hammer falls on his ear as distinctly as my words do on yours."

"My God! Can nothing be done? Can no effort be made to save him? Is there no way that ——"

"An effort," said the stranger, sinking his voice to the lowest whisper, "will be made tonight! The gates will be forced in a few hours from hence, and he shall walk forth a free man, or he shall be buried in the ruins of the prison."

"Good," said Eugene heartily, and his heaving breast and quickened breathing showed his anxiety and his interest. "How is it to be done?"

"You saw all these men here?"

"Yes, I saw them."

"They are a portion of the men deputed for the purpose. Resolute men and true, every one of them. Each carries a dagger and a pistol. They are only one of several groups detailed for the purpose."

"How do you propose to effect it?" asked Eugene, who listened with an eager and throbbing heart to the statement.

"A barrel of powder, or two, or three—or more if the need be—will be exploded under the walls. We shall rush in through the breach made and overpower the guards. We shall force the prison and free him, though every man here piled his dead body under its battlements."

"Good!" said the young Frenchman, in high approval. "I shall be one of the party. Unfortunately I am unarmed."

"I knew you would," said the stranger, grasping his hand enthusiastically. "From the moment I saw you, I knew you were destined for his liberation. I saw you passing along the quays. I thought it was you. I followed you until, in the light, I made belief a certainty. You shall take command."

"I? Nay; I am unknown here."

"It matters not. Our men will have more confidence if they know a French officer leads them. It will be a second taking of the Bastile. Do you accept?"

"If you wish it, certainly. I shall never risk my life in a worthier cause."

"Very well. In an hour or less the news will be known at every meeting centre in the city. Don't fear defeat. As I said before, our men will pile their dead bodies under the wall of the prison or he walks a free man. Newgate will be a heap of smoking ruins or he sleeps in safety tonight."

"Reckon on me. I have perilled my life often enough for France and freedom. I may now give it for my friend—and such a friend! So brave, so noble, so self-sacrificing, and so chivalrous! Yes; I shall willingly take the command; prouder no man need pine to have."

"Settled, then. Nothing further need be said."

"When do you propose to attack?"

"At midnight. The men will gather silently from all quarters. The signal—the explosion of the powder and the breaching of the wall. After that, pistol bullet, cold steel, and resolute hearts."

"Three good aids," said the Frenchman approvingly, "before which prison walls and barred gates are as things of nought."

"So your people found it at any rate," said the stranger gaily. "But you must be weary and tired. I am displaying but poor hospitality. Will you permit me? Unpretending as the place looks, you can be well catered for. Not even in the city by the Garonne will you find brandy to match that these cellars can produce. Come up stairs. We shall be alone there."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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GAELIC POETRY.

Eoghan Coir.

LE R. BAIRREUD—A.D. 1788.

Nach é so an sgeul deacrach 'san tír so,
A n-anacair chroidhe agus bhróin,
O fhágbhas sé Creagán-an-Line
Go d-téidh sé go d-tí an Fál-mór.
A leithid de sgreadadh 's de chaoine
Nfor cluineadh 'san tír so fós,
Gidh, ní bh-fuil againn a n-iongnadh
O cailleadh, faraoir! Eoghan Cóir.

Bhí gnaoi agus gean ag gach n-aon air,
An seanduine crion 's an t-óg,
Bhí an saidhbhir 's an daidhbhir a n-grádh leis
Mar gheall air a chroidhe maith, mór.
Lé togha 's lé rogha na tíre
Do chaitheadh sé piosaidh óir,
'S le daoine bochta eile nfor spid leis
Buidéal de'n t-sibhín d'ól.

Tá Antoine O'Gabháin ag caoineadh
'S ní bhéidh Seághan O'Baoighill a bh-fad beo,
O cailleadh a g-caraid 'san tír so
'S é d'fhágbhaidh a g-croidhe faoi bhrón
A d-Tearmann Caithreach nfor sineadh,
'S é mheasaim fó líag no fód,
Aon neach ba mheasa do'n dís so
Ioná an duine bocht maol, Eoghan Cóir.

Budh soirbh ag tógbháil an chíosa é,
Budh bheag aige mí no dhó,
Go n-dioltaidh an bhó air an aonach
No an giota do bhidheadh 'san t-seol.
'S é dubhairt Seumas Pheadair ó chroidhe mhór,
"A chomhrsannaidhe, guidhimíd dó,
Do réir mar bhí se-sion do dhaoinibh
Go m-ba amhlaidh bhéidheas Críosda dhó!"

An h-aon agus seacht annsa líne
'S an h-ocht do chur síos fá dhó,
Trá ghlac sé a chead lé n-a dhaoinibh
'S nfor labhair sé giog nfos mó.
Tá sé dearbhtha, sgríobhtha,
Gur talamh is crioch gach beo,
'S chomh fhad a's bheidhmid 'san t-saoghal so,
Cá miade dhuinn braon beag d'ól.

Budh é Eoghan O'Connadhgháin (Conway)—co-ainn fonómhaideach dhó Eoghan Cóir—an bitheamhnach ba mhó bhí 'san tír le n-a linn, ag deanamh gach uile chineal iath-troim agus oile air na daoinibh. Is ag deanamh fonómhaide agus le grain air rinne an Bairreudach an t-órán so.

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

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ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

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[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

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A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE BACCARAT TRIAL.

Sir William Gordon-Cumming Is a Loser,

AND THE GREAT AGONY IS OVER.

The Jury Returns a Verdict of "Not Guilty" in Favor of the Prince of Wales and the Other Defendants—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's Instructions to the Jury—The Prince Not Present When the Verdict Is Announced.

LONDON, June 9.—There was no diminution in the attendance of fashionables at the baccarat trial Tuesday, though much disappointment was felt at the absence of the Prince of Wales and some of his intimates, who had gone to the Ascot races. On the opening of the court the lord chief justice began his summing up

SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING.

of the evidence. It was noticed throughout that his charge was favorable to the defendants. The audience listened with breathless attention to the words of the address, upon the tenor which so much depended.

Instructions to the Jury.

The court explained at length the difference between an action for slander, such as this one, and an action for libel. If the jury found that the defendants, in what they said about Sir William Gordon-Cumming, had spoken the truth, they should render a verdict in the defendants' favor. If, however, the jury believed the statements of the defendants to have been broadly untrue, and that the plaintiff did not commit the acts ascribed to him, the verdict must be for Sir William. His lordship entreated the jury to keep their minds steadily upon the evidence. The extraneous matter which had been brought into the arguments of counsel must be eliminated from the minds of the jury in their consideration of the facts. At this apparent allusion to the remarks of Sir Edward Clarke concerning the Prince of Wales there were many significant exchanges of glances in the court room.

An Emphatic Protest.

The lord chief justice proceeded to analyse the evidence, which, he said, was well worthy of careful consideration. He emphatically protested against the observation which had been made by counsel, that there was more in the case than was allowed to appear upon the surface. The jury must not allow themselves to be influenced by such remarks made in the heat of argument by counsel, whose zeal led them to hint at more than could be made evident. As a matter of fact, there was never any more in a case than appeared in evidence. That was the province of the courts of law; to bring out the facts, and only the facts, and to procure a verdict thereon.

Conclusion of the Address.

The jury were debarred by their solemn oaths from dealing with things beneath the surface, if such things existed. They must confine themselves to the evidence as brought out by examination and cross-examination. The evidence was in this case very full, and furnished ample light whereby the jury could be guided to a correct conclusion, regardless of other considerations. They must confine themselves to the single question at issue, and base their verdict upon what they had heard proved by evidence. At the conclusion of the lord chief justice's address the jury retired and the occupants of the court room busied themselves in commenting upon what they had heard and in conjectures as to the probable effect of the charge upon the jury.

Agreed Upon a Verdict.

Only fifteen minutes had elapsed when the jury sent word to the court that they had agreed upon their verdict. The suspence was great as the jurors returned to their seats and replied to the usual questions. When the verdict of not guilty was announced there was a tremendous stir, the court rapping vainly for order. Both applause and hisses were heard, but the former predominated. In a few moments the room was vacated by the gayly dressed throng and the sensational trial was over. The defendants present were warmly congratulated by numerous friends, and seemed supremely happy. The verdict was in accordance with the general expectation. Betting in the morning was strongly in favor of such a result.

A Great Paper Manufactory.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., June 9.—Steps are being taken by a number of capitalists in the west to build here the largest pulp and paper manufacturing establishment in the world. Gen. Sooy Smith, of Chicago, was here last week to examine the ground preparatory to drawing plans for the buildings. Gen. Smith said that John L. Newton, of Chicago, is at the head of the company, and Mr. Hall, of Sault Ste Marie, who owns the largest and finest spruce forest in America, is a member.

Pardoned by Governor Fifer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 9.—Governor Fifer has pardoned Frank L. Ramsey out of the penitentiary. He was sentenced for burglary from Ogle county in August, 1889, for a term of three years. He is a weak and feeble-minded young man and on this account the pardon was issued. The governor also pardoned John Reynolds out of the reform school. He was sentenced from Cook county in 1889 for a term of four years for assault.

They Didn't Bid Porter Farewell.

LONDON, June 9.—The Italians seem to believe, according to their newspapers, that Minister Porter will not come back to Rome, and that his departure is virtually a recall. The fact that not a single Italian minister or notable politician accompanied him to say farewell is looked upon as significant of Italian sentiment.

FOUND GUILTY AS CHARGED.

First Conviction Under the Hennessey Jury Bribing Case.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 9.—Bernard Glandi, accused of offering a $500 bribe to Henry B. Atwood, a tales juror in the Hennessey case, was brought to trial before Judge Moir Monday after all legal obstacles were decided upon adversely by the court. It was the first of the bribery cases to go to trial. The committee of safety had its leaders and a large delegation in court, and employed two attorneys to assist the state. Special Officer Boylan testified to Glandi's constant attendance and suspicious actions around the court during the Hennessey trial, and a man named Atwood testified to a conversation in which he stated that he did not wish to serve, as it did not pay him to lose so much time.

Glandi's Defense.

Glandi told him he could get $500 to go on the jury and do the right thing. Glandi's defense was that Atwood had been dunned by him for a bill, and testified through spite; that he kept a butcher stand last February; was only in court three times as a spectator, and had no connection with the trial in any way. The jury Monday night brought in a verdict of guilty as charged.

SIMPLY A DEPOSITOR.

Wanamaker's Testimony in the Keystone Bank Failure Investigation.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—Postmaster General Wanamaker made a statement before the committee investigating the Keystone bank failure, denying that he had any other connection with the bank or its officers except that of a depositor, so far as the business of the bank is concerned. He was associated with Lucas, the one-time president of the bank, in an attempt to get control of the Reading railway in order to maintain that road's independence, and in that way as collateral was given 2,515 shares of the bank stock, which later was said to have been an over-issue. This he did not believe, but he had returned the stock to the bank, as it was valueless to him. He had never overdrawn his account at the bank; on the contrary his deposits had amounted to over $1,200,000 during the latter part of 1890 and the early part of 1891.

THE WRECK TOOK FIRE.

Terrible Disaster on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road.

PARSONS, Kan., June 9.—The most disastrous wreck that ever occurred on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road took place at 8 o'clock Monday morning between Savannah and Frink. Three men were burned to a crisp and six injured, some of them, it is thought, fatally. The two engines were totally demolished, and the wreck took fire and thirty cars were burned. The two freight trains were ordered to pass at Frink. One of them arrived at the station ahead of the other, and the engineer seeing a train on the side-track supposed it was the train he had orders to pass and did not stop for orders. One of the men burned to death was a head brakeman and the other two are unknown. The brakeman could only be identified by the finding of a switch-key on his body.

The Strike of the Bus Men.

LONDON, June 9.—John Burns, the Socialist and labor leader, is leading the drivers of the omnibusses in their strike for better pay and hours of labor. No busses, except a few "pirates," are running, and Londoners are doing a good deal of walking just now. Monday the company offered the following terms: Drivers, 6 shillings a day; and after a year's service, 6 shillings and 6 pence; conductors, 4 shillings and 6 pence, and after a year 5 shillings; a twelve-hour day to begin on July 13. Should the terms not be accepted there will be a lock-out. The company refuses to dismiss faithful employes. The men met last night and rejected the above terms, resolving to stand by their original demands.

Work in the Pension Office.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 9.—The commissioner of pensions is making arrangements to further facilitate the issuing of pension certificates and expects in a short time to issue 400 more certificates daily than is now being done. During the commissioner's incumbency the number of cases awaiting investigation by special examiners in the field has been reduced from 14,225 to 2,200, and consequently about forty special examiners now in the field will be called in.

The Season's Catch of Seal.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 9.—The government has notified all agents on the seal islands to stop the killing of seals by the North American Commercial company when it has taken 7,500, the number of seals which the administration in its correspondence with the British government for "a close season" made one of the conditions of agreement. The revenue cutter Rush, when it sailed northward some days ago, carried the order limiting the season's catch to 7,500.

Tammany Controls Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK, June 9.—The result of the annual meeting of the New York and Brooklyn bridge trustees Monday was a surprise in that, although New York city only owns one-third of the big span, Tammany now controls the structure. Many of the Brooklyn members were absent, while the New York members were out in force. Ex-Senator Wagstaff, a Tammany man, was elected president of the board, and ex-Mayor Howell, of Brooklyn, vice president.

A Charge Against the Pinkertons.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., June 9.—Master Workman Wise and Secretary Parker, active leaders in the late coke strike, declare that threats have recently been made against their lives by Pinkerton detectives. Parker says he was deliberately shot at Saturday night near Wheeler. The two labor leaders are discussing the advisability of hiring officers to investigate the matter.

The African Mackerel Fisheries.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., June 9.—The fishing schooner Alice arrived here Saturday night from a twenty months' cruise in African waters for mackerel. The Alice is the pioneer vessel in this fishing and her cruise was successful.

He Ought to Feel "Relieved."

WASHINGTON CITY, June 9.—A conscience contribution of $2,000 was received at the Treasury Department yesterday from New York. It was forwarded through Riggs & Co., and was simply signed by the sender, "Relieved."

CONQUERED BY DEATH.

Sir John Macdonald Gives Up the Unequal Fight.

MOURNING THROUGHOUT CANADA.

The Tolling Bells of Ottawa Carried to the Citizens the News That the Spirit of Sir John Had Flown—The Remains To Be Buried at Kingston—The Choosing of the Successor of the Conservative Leader Promises To Be Bitter.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 8.—Sir John Macald died at 10:15 Staturday nig't. At his bedside were his faithful wife who had been almost continously by his side for the whole of the long vigil; his son, and the physicians, attendants and a few near friends. The event was announced to the newspaper men waiting and in a few moments the bells of Ottawa were tolling, carrying the news to the whole city. Everywhere are seen signs of the general sorrow felt at the loss the nation has sustained. Flags are flying at half-mast from the parliament and other public buildings and also many private houses, some of which are draped with crape. The United States flag is floating at half-mast over the United States consulate. The remains of the dead leader were embalmed Sunday morning.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Funeral Arrangements.

The official programme of the funeral arrangements is as follows: The body will be privately moved from Earnscliffe to the parliament buildings and will lie in state there from 10 o'clock Tuesday morning till the hour of the funeral. The state funeral will leave the parliament buildings at 1 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, for St. Alban's church, and thence to the Canadian Pacific railway station, when the body will be conveyed to Kingston. The body will lie in state at the city hall, Kingston, until Thursday noon, when the interment will take place.

Political Significance.

The removal of Sir John from the control of the affairs of the Dominion has created anxiety concerning his successor that is not confined to the Conservative party alone. There are questions coming up upon which the religious passions, always ready to be touched off into explosion, are expected to break with intense strife. There is also the fast-developing ambition of the French race, which has already laid plans for the establishing of another French republic upon the northern portion of this continent. The members of the Catholic party feel their strength and have no hestitation in demanding the rights that they believe to be due them on account of their population and importance.

Bitter Contest Predicted.

Their choice is Sir John Thompson, the minister of justice, who is a Roman Catholic. The Protestant element want Sir Charles Tupper, and in case that gentleman expresses a wish to remain in England, where, it is said, he has hopes of an appointment to the peerage, the second choice of that wing of the party is said to be the Hon. Mackenzie Powell, the minister of customs and head of the Orangemen in Ontario. Thus at the very outset a bitter contest is predicted. The governor general has not as yet summoned anyone to form a ministry.

Printers in Convention.

BOSTON, June 8.—The thirty-ninth annual session of the International Typographical union was begun Monday in Faneuil hall. Governor Russell delivered an address of welcome. Edward T. Flank, of Indianapolis, president of the union, presided and delivered the annual address, in which he spoke of the union as in a prosperous condition and advised submitting the nine-hour day question to a popular vote of the members. A struggle for shorter hours should not be begun without full preparation.

Hundreds Made Homeless.

SHERBROOKE, Que. 8, June 8—A bush fire at Black Lake communicated to houses on the west side of the railway track and, owing to the high wind and the lack of appliances to stay the progress, it quickly spread. At least forty houses, containing in all 250 families, were destroyed. Lemaitre's hotel and several stores were among the places burned. Hundreds of persons rendered homeless by the fire camped out in the fields.

Election at Wilmington, Del.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 8.—Stansbury J. Willey, Republican, has 442 majority for mayor over Dr. Willard Springer, Democrat. The other Republican majorities are: Joseph K. Adams, city treasurer, 922; Charles M. Curtis, city solicitor, 555; Nathaniel R. Benson, president of councils, 775. The Republicans will have three majority in city councils, and will have control of the city for the first time in seven years.

Big Seizure of Whisky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 8.—A government agent seized here 124 barrels of the "Edgewater" brand of whisky of Hofheimer & Co., of New York. The whisky was shipped in 1888 to Bermuda and reimported last August and paid a duty of 90 cents per gallon, which is provided in such cases. The whisky had been doctored, however, and the duty should have been $2.75 per gallon.

The "Father of Railroads" Dead.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Channcey Vibbard, of this city, in his day the foremost railroad man in America, and who is regarded to-day as "the father of railroads," died Friday at Macon, Ga., in the 80th year of his age. Death was the result of a general breaking down of his system consequent upon old age. He was born in Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1811.

The Itata Surrenders.

IQUIQUE, Chili, June 4.—The steamer Itata arrived here early Thursday and was at once surrendered to the American men-of-war in this harbor. It is expected that the United States warship Charleston will arrive here soon.

Can Drink While Standing.

BOSTON, June 5.—The governor has signed the repealing bill permitting persons to take drinks at the bars of saloons while standing up.

EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

Many Houses Damaged and Several People Killed.

ROME, June 8.—The cities of Verona and Mantua were shaken by an earthquake Sunday. Many houses were damaged. An invalid lady was so frightened by the shock that she died. Lombardy, Venetia, and part of Tuscany were visited early in the morning by repeated shocks. The worst shocks occurred about 2 o'clock in the morning. Shocks were also felt in Venice and Milan. The center of the disturbance was at Verona. A subterranean noise was heard like the roar of artillery, which was followed by three strong shocks. The inhabitants rushed into the streets in terror. At Marcenigo three persons were killed, and at Badia Calavena seventeen were badly injured by falling houses and chimneys. At the latter place another shock was felt at 6 o'clock in the morning, and much additional damage was done. The movements were undulating in character and were more or less over the whole of north Italy.

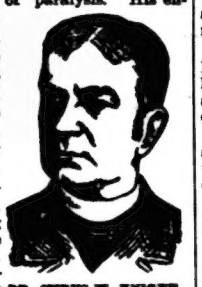
Many Buildings Condemned.

A government commission was promptly dispatched to the districts visited by the earthquake shocks of Sunday and began their investigations. At Badiacalevera and Tregnanzo the situation was found to be such as to compel the commission to condemn three-fourths of the houses which are still left standing. The buildings will, therefore, as soon as workmen can safely approach them, be pulled down. The fearful subterranean rumblings, followed by heavy earthquake shocks, continue, and the alarmed inhabitants have encamped in tents hurriedly pitched in the fields far away from the reach of falling debris.

BISHOP KNIGHT DEAD.

A Vacancy in the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 8.—Bishop Knight, of the Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee, is dead. He had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis. His entire right side was paralyzed and he had no use of his right arm or leg, and had also lost the power of speech. At noon Monday Bishop F. Knight's condition was hopeless, the doctors having given him up. He died at 1:40 p. m. He had been unconscious since Sunday night. He was consecrated bishop of this Episcopal diocese two years ago. He was born in Boston and was 60 years old.



DR. CYRUS W. KNIGHT.

STUDENTS IN COURT.

Fined $65 Each for Having Liquor in Their Club Room.

BOSTON, June 8.—Friday morning thirty prominent students of Harvard college, members of Alpha Delta Phi club, whose rooms were raided by police this week and large seizures of liquor made, were fined $65 each in Cambridge court. Among the culprits were Arthur J. Cummock, captain of the university football club and first marshal of the coming class-day exercises. Dudley S. Dean, captain of the university nine, also a class officer, James A. Lowell, son of Judge Lowell, Jacob Wendell, Jr., poet and one of the noted society men of the college, "Bennie" Trafford, well-known full-back of the football team, and first-base man of the university nine. A second raid was made Friday noon on the club-room of the Zeta Psi society, 34 Church street, where about half a gallon of liquor was seized.

A DEAL IN DISTILLERIES.

The Chicago Shufeldts Sell Out to the Whisky Trust.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The Distilling and Cattle Feeding company, the incorporated name of the whisky trust, has purchased the Henry H. Schufeldt and the Calumet Distilling company's plants, thereby ending one of the bitterest fights between rival concerns ever known, and at the same time creating one of the most absolute and complete monopolies the commercial world has ever heard of. The two big anti-trust distilleries sold everything, which includes the real estate, machinery, stock of goods, patents, trade marks, good will, and the right to continue the use of the names of the two companies. The purchase price, it is understood, is in the neighborhood of $4,500,000.

Failure of an Indiana Bank.

HUNTINGBURG, Ind., June 5.—The city was thrown into a state of excitement Thursday morning when it became known that the Huntingburg bank had closed its doors. This act was decided upon by the directors at a late hour Wednesday night on account of the heavy losses the bank had sustained and which was brought about by the cashier permitting depositors to overdraw their accounts. These overdrafts will probably aggregate between $30,000 and $40,000. The directors will apply for a receiver. The bank was organized under the state law in 1883, its capital was $25,000 and a surplus of $16,000, together with a large deposit. The failure has created a gloomy feeling in the city.

Prominent Mason Dead.

ASBURY PARK, June 5.—Fred L. Wiseman, one of the most prominent Freemasons in New Jersey, died very suddenly at his home here late Thursday night. Mr. Wiseman retired at his usual hour in apparently good health. An hour afterward when his wife was about to retire she found him dead. Besides being a Mason of the highest degree he was connected with many other secret organizations. He was 60 years of age.

Archbishop Ireland for Cardinal.

ST. LOUIS, June 8.—A cable message is said to have been received here from Rome announcing that at the consistory held in the Holy City, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., has been "reserved in petto" by the pope for the vacant American cardinalate, and that he would accordingly be declared a cardinal of the Roman Catholic church at the consistory to be held in December next.

Flames at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 8.—At an early hour Saturday morning the Island Sash and Door company's plant, located on Clinton street, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at $100,000; insurance, $32,000.

Behring Sea Bill Passed.

LONDON, June 5.—The bill looking to the control of the seal catch in the Behring sea passed the British parliament Friday.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Logan has sold her interest in the Gen. Logan farm of 300 acres adjoining Murphysboro for $25,000 to T. M. Logan and J. Clark. The tract is to be opened for building purposes, as the young city is spreading rapidly.

The property left by Sir Richard Sutton, who raced the Genesta for the American cup, is over $35,000,000. The heir to the estate is a posthumous child only just born.

The Hughes Lumber company, of Chattanooga, Tenn., which failed last December for $300,000, is about to resume operations, having paid 100 cents on the dollar.

Herman E. Taubeneck, chairman of the executive committee of the People's party, has called a meeting at St. Louis June 13, to consider the question of putting a state ticket in the field in Kentucky this year.

Sherman Gatton, a mail clerk, living at Chicago Junction, Ohio, was brought to Cleveland Sunday morning from Cincinnati by a deputy United States marshal and locked up in the county jail charged with robbing the mails.

White-Caps at Cheraw, S. C., Saturday night took a white man named Taylor and a negro woman he was living with from their bed and, after giving them an unmerciful thrashing, warned them to leave the town.

Senator Walthall, of Mississippi, who was appointed one of the board of visitors to West Point at the annual examination, has resigned because the date, June 1, conflicts with the Confederate ceremonies at his home, which begin June 3.

"Kochery" is the name coined by a St. Louis medical paper for the German professor's system of treatment.

The first trades union of women in Belgium is an organization of women to bacco workers in Antwerp.

A girl at Pittsburg, Pa., has just eloped with her first love, from whom she ran away ten years ago after promising to marry him.

One-fifth of the 10,000,000 families in France have no children. As many more have only one child, and of those who have as many as seven children the number is only 230,000.

The price of Munich beer has been raised a quarter of a cent per quart, and the whole population of Strasburg is boycotting it.

The Tombstone and Bisbee stage was held up by two Mexicans near Bisbee, A. T. They secured 40.

Three white men, one named Greenaway, the other two unknown, were killed on the Sac and Fox Indian agency by the Indians while attempting to steal horses. The Indians have been arrested by United States officers.

D. C. Shull, principal of a school at Cuffey's Cove, Cal., was shot and killed by a stage driver named Roades. The latter believed Shull had induced a girl Roades was in love with to refuse to marry him.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday as computed by the New York produce exchange was 17,492,723 bushels, a decrease of 799,112 bushels, and of corn 5,123,738 bushels, an increase of 659,158 bushels.

Professor A. L. Berry, of Williams college, who has just resigned his chair, published his first free trade treatise in 1866. He was pitted against Horace Greeley in a series of public tariff debates in 1868 and 1869.

Many men and their families in St. Louis are suffering because the city council refuses to pass an appropriation bill to pay them for services already rendered.

The gamblers have all left Burlington, Iowa, as the result of continued attacks made upon them by The Hawkeye. Their goods were sent to Council Bluffs.

Sir John Thompson, minister of justice, is reported to have been decided upon as the successor of Sir John Macdonald in the event of his death.

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison sailed for Europe Wednesday on the Teutonic. They will be Robert Lincoln's guests when in London.

Jacob Morlock, a farmer living near Mascoutah, was swindled out of $300 Monday by sharpers. They worked the three-shell game and secured several victims.

Because he was disappointed in love Walter Armstrong, a young Lake Dauphin, Minn., farmer, blew out his brains.

Charles Crows, of Bethpage, Tenn., shot and killed Richard Clark. The men were enamored of the same young woman.

The former blood-thirsty savage Indian chief, Geronimo, is now reported to be an earnest Christian and an enthusiastic Sunday school teacher.

The standing committee of the Fond du Lac Episcopal diocese Tuesday declined to give its consent to the consecration of Dr. Phillips Brooks as bishop.

A rich lead of silver has been struck in the Town of Saratoga, Wyo. The ore assays $11 to the ton, and the lead seems to promise big results. Prospectors are busy in the surrounding territory.

Orville L. Davis, city editor of The Daily Gazette, of Champaign, Ills., and Miss Minnie Brown, of Urbana, have been married.

It is now given out as certain that Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea will not be married for the present. Friends of the parties, as intimate as any, say that it is quite possible that the marriage will not take place at all.

Twenty-nine young men graduated from the law department of the Northern Indiana college at Fort Wayne. Ben Butterworth delivered the address to the graduates.

Baron Edmund Bevethy, belonging to a wealthy and aristoratic family in Vienna, was found lifeless by his mother's deathbed. He had shot himself through the heart through grief for his mother, who had died during the night.

A Philadelphia baker treats the conductors and passengers of a car that passes his shop at 2 o'clock every morning to a hot loaf of bread.

An Italian immigrant who landed in New York the other day was so overjoyed at reaching free America that he dropped upon his hands and knees and kissed the ground.

The president has appointed Edward P. Thompson to be postmaster at Indianapolis, Ind., vice William Wallace, deceased.

The president has appointed the Hon. William D. Owen, of Indiana, to be superintendent of immigration, with a salary of $4,000 per annum.

Two children have died in Bloomington, Ills., from malignant diphtheria, and four signs of warning are out in the city.

Mrs. Fay, of Ostrander, Ohio, got a free ride that she didn't enjoy the other day. She was caught on the cowcatcher of a locomotive and carried a quarter of a mile, but was not seriously injured.

A Kansas farmer has a corn field the rows of which are three-fifths of a mile long.

The largest forest fires in Michigan have occurred a decade apart—in 1871, 1881 and 1891.

Portuguese immigrants have begun to arrive in considerable numbers, many of them bound for the wine-growing districts of California.

There are millions of crickets in the Clover Creek section of Idaho. They are said to cover a stretch of country ten miles long by three miles wide.

Three California lions were recently killed by a hunter in Fresno county. One of them measured fully eight feet from tip to tip, and is being stuffed. The other two were nearly as large.

Twenty-three pauper immigrants were returned to Europe by the federal authorities at New York Thursday.

Albert Dillon and Harvey Whitehall were drowned at Bellefontaine, Ohio.

The Chilian minister to Bolivia has demanded his passport in consequence of the latter government recognizing the Congress party as belligerents.

William Cripe and Mrs. John Mikesell, who eloped from Goshen, Ind., were captured and arraigned for adultery, the man getting forty days in jail and the woman thirty.

Receiver Mix, of the Commercial bank, of Guthrie, O. T., reported to the court that the bank was organized expressly to take in all it could in deposits and then fail, and that it never had a dollar in capital.

The contracts for the electricity building and drainage system of the World's Columbian exposition were let Thursday.

The Hon. A. G. Porter, the United States minister to Italy, has left Rome on his usual leave of absence. Mr. Porter, it is understood, is en route to America.

Pierre Maillard killed his brother, Nicholas Cerf, at their store in Cypremort Prairie, La. The killing resulted from a quarrel about business matters.

Maggie Sherry was killed and Rose Riddell was dangerously wounded by a passenger train near Evanston, a Chicago suburb.

Representatives of southern Kentucky jeans factories met at Louisville, Ky. Friday, and decided to reduce their output by running only two-thirds time for fifteen weeks.

Frosts in Michigan did great damage to whortleberry vines.

A terrific cloud-burst occurred at Deuren on the Rhine. Three women who were crossing the bridge were blown into the river and drowned, while the lightning killed another.

The brigands who recently seized a number of Germans on a railway train between Constantinople and Adrianople and held them for a ransom have liberated the captives.

R. M. Duffield, aged 70, a mail carrier in Jackson county, W. Va., claims to have walked 110,000 miles in the last ten years.

The public exhibition of the holy coat of Treves, which is asserted by the church to be the original garment of our Savior for which the Roman soldiers cast lots at the crucifixion, will begin the last week in August and will continue for the six weeks following.

An explosion at Walker's soap factory in Allegheny City, Pa., seriously wounded M. Leibechwachmist, of Aurora, Ills., and two employes, Jacob Mowry and Moses Morrow.

The jury bribery cases were called up in the New Orleans district court and continued until Wednesday next.

Queen Victoria has appointed a committee to consider the expediency of removing the Rapheal cartoons now in Kensington museum to Hampton Court palace.

County Judge T. C. Martin has caused a sensation at Waukesha, Wis., by ordering the arrest of a number of county officers who have talked disrespectfully about him for contempt of court. He was prevailed upon to dismiss the cases.

A dozen cows in as many herds around Eldow, Iowa, have been killed, having been affected with rabies.

Ex-Mayor J. P. Johnson, J. T. Faulkner, and Ed Waller, of Waldo, Ark., have been arrested, charged with robbing the mails at McNeil, March 16.

Father Ignatius, the Welsh Protestant monk, has arrived in Chicago, where he will hold a "mission."

In the Elliott murder case at Columbus, Ohio, several witnesses testified that Elliott had threatened to kill Osborn.

The national fete was appropriately observed in Rome. The king reviewed the garrison and afterward gave a banquet in the palace. The streets of the city were beautifully decorated.

Jesse C. Boyd, who arrived in Chicago in 1848, died at Manistique, Mich., aged 88 years.

Five hundred boxes of American hams have been confiscated in Antwerp in obedience to the new law which prohibits the importation of fresh meats.

Four hundred Syrians landed at the New York barge office. The majority were detained by order of Col. Weber and they will probably be sent back.

Maine hotel keepers say that if the state wishes to retain its summer hotel business they must be relieved from the state prohibition against the sale of liquors.

President Harrison, with a party of friends, will go to Mount McGregor during the summer for the purpose of visiting the cottage in which Gen. Grant died.

Mrs. Fred Bishinger, of Mount Clemens, Mich., was found dead in her home, her clothing having taken fire.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 13, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers, "A Straight Tip."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Stricken Blind."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Way of the World."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—Fox's Novelty Company.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"T. O'N.," City—Gibbon and Rollin are the standard authorities on ancient history. Plutarch's Lives should be read by every student. The original spelling of the name Bonaparte, was Buonaparte, pronounced *Boo-ona-partay*. When Napoleon became general of the Army of Italy, the name was changed to Bonaparte, pronounced *Bo-na-part*. The best works on the Napoleonic wars are Thiers' "Consulate and Empire," Jomini's "Memoirs of Napoleon," and Headley's "Napoleon and His Marshals." "The Camp and Court of Bonaparte" is also an excellent work, if it is in print. If not, it can be found in the Public Library, as can also all the others.

"EX-REDCOAT," City—The history of the Irish militia, like that of the Irish constabulary, is a blot on the pages of Irish history. Some good men may be occasionally found in their degraded ranks, but, in 1798, the militia were, as the constabulary have been since, the deadliest enemies of their country. Wolfe Tone, in his memoirs, calls the Irish militia "scoundrels."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ATTEND THE PARNELL MEETING.

It has been decided by the friends of Mr. Parnell in this city that a reception shall be given to his accredited parliamentary representatives, Messrs. James J. O'Kelly, William Redmond, John O'Connor and Henry Harrison, on Saturday evening, June 20. Apart from Mr. Parnell's own claims upon the Irish people of Chicago, three, at least, of his envoys have special claims upon them. In the days that tried men's souls in Ireland, both Messrs. O'Kelly and O'Connor took the field, with armed hands, in defense of her rights, and, if the attempt to overthrow British tyranny failed, that failure cannot be attributed to any want of zeal on their part. Mr. William Redmond is not alone a patriot himself, but is what the English are pleased to call a "rebel" by heredity. His grandsires, on both sides, dared all for Ireland in the red days of '98, and he himself has several times suffered imprisonment, because of the manly frankness with which he expressed his views of English government in Ireland.

Mr. Henry Harrison is the youngest member in the group, and represents the sturdy Protestant patriotism that still lingers, although it is rather cautious in expressing itself, in Ulster. He is a superb specimen of manhood physically, and, although still in the greenness of youth, has already made his mark both as a worker and a speaker.

The other gentlemen are too well known on the American platform to need much particular description. All are zealous and eloquent, and it will be a treat to hear them.

THE CITIZEN hopes that all true Irishmen in this city will cease splitting hairs on this occasion. The meeting is being organized by Mr. Parnell's representatives in an entirely non partisan way, and they have nothing whatever to do with such mean and miserable quarrels as may exist here. In justice to some men who have been objected to by others, on personal grounds, it may be as well to state that they have all retired in the interest of harmony, so that there can be no excuse for further division.

Every Irishman and Irishwoman who believes in the right of Ireland to choose her own leader, and to pursue an independent policy in the British parliament, should be present at Central Music Hall on the evening of Saturday, June 20. Let them not be scared by bugaboos or hindered by stupid appeals to personal prejudice. Our guests are welcome, and they will be honored.

BEWARE OF FALSE ECONOMY.

It is well for the Assembly of the State to economize in the matter of taxation, but it is beginning at the wrong end in cutting down the appropriation for the World's Fair from $1,000,000 to $750,000. Unfortunately the city of New York is displaying a spite and selfishness in the matter of the Fair that reflects discredit upon her generosity and her patriotism. The press of that city seizes upon every pretext to misrepresent the status of the Fair abroad, and, should the ill timed and parsimonious action of the Illinois House be verified, the effect will be to work great injury to the Fair. The patriotic action of the Senate in refusing to concur in the recommendation of the House deserves the applause of the public.

DR. EMMET'S FOOLISH MANIFESTO.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, styled the President of the Irish National Confederation of America—a body mainly made up of aristocratic and plutocratic dudes, who travel mostly on the names of illustrious ancestors or on the strength of their money bags—is the latest example of long slumbering patriotism stirred into life by the misfortunes of the only man who, of late years, has made the survival of the principle of Irish nationality not alone possible but respectable. Dr. Emmet is descended from the elder brother of Robert Emmet, but until now has rarely, if ever, been heard of in Irish affairs. The elder Thomas Addis Emmet was, undoubtedly, a patriot, but hardly more so than the ancestor of the much abused Irish leader of the present time, Sir John Parnell, who won in a corrupt age, and in a corrupt parliament, the title of "The Incorruptible." But patriotism can scarcely be called a matter of heredity. The Emmets, since the gallant Robert died for Ireland eighty eight years ago, have given no sign that the blood of the Irish hero courses in their veins. Dr. Emmet has chosen a most unfortunate period in which to exhibit his latent devotion to the cause of the Motherland. THE CITIZEN is deeply pained at being obliged to criticise in anything approaching an unfriendly tone any man who bears the honored name of Emmet, but it cannot remain silent when the heir of a noble tradition attacks with virulence the splendid leader of a living cause. Here is what Dr. Emmet, in a document addressed by him on Wednesday to "the friends in America of Home Rule in Ireland" says of Mr. Parnell, the best and truest friend that Ireland has found in modern days:

> For months past every effort has been paralyzed through the acts of one man, most trusted of all, who sinned and fell by his own hand. He thus betrayed the welfare of his country, so blindly entrusted to his guidance, and dragged the chaste name of Ireland into the gutter with his own sullied reputation. The necessity for assisting the starving and evicted tenants of Ireland was deeply appreciated in this country, and a noble effort was made to effect the purpose. Mr. Parnell was fully pledged to carry out this object, but he has betrayed his trust by his duplicity, his equivocation, and his utter disingenuousness. His continuous selfish subordination of the welfare of the Irish peasantry to his own personal ends in the matter of Home Rule is no less conspicuous.

Mr. Parnell stands today responsible for the present sufferings of the evicted tenants of Ireland, so far as they might have been mitigated by the use of the Paris fund, in the application of which he has refused to act with the other custodian. The fund consists of over $200,000, the greater portion of which was raised in this country. This he now holds, as he does his political position, by false pretenses and to further his own personal ends. The people of this country are too sharp-witted not to fully appreciate his purpose. And the fact that he did not dare carry out his own proposition when the opportunity was given him to meet his constituents at the polls has shown to the American mind how fully he himself realizes his desperate fortunes.

Those who have worked and hoped for Home Rule in Ireland are not divided into two parties—there exists but one party and a faction. Mr. Parnell was the first to advocate that the majority should rule, and the first to disregard the fact. The opinion held by the large majority of thinking men in this country if expressed would be to the effect that Mr. Parnell is now politically dead and can never be resuscitated to hold a position of trust. The future guidance of Irish affairs in the bringing about of Home Rule must be trusted to the majority of those elected to represent Ireland in the British parliament. The friends of Ireland cannot stand by inactive and expect the Liberal party of England to bear the brunt, nor more than their just proportion of the burden. Money is needed and needed quickly, and at no time has an appeal been presented to the American people for the support of a cause more in accord with their appreciation and love of self-government.

In answer to the first portion of Dr. Emmet's "moral indictment," we refer our readers to Mr. Parnell's recent Belfast speech, the main portion of which is published in this issue of THE CITIZEN. No better vindication of the Irish leader's position has yet been given to the public.

The correspondence relative to the Paris funds between Parnell and McCarthy, recently published, showed that the former was willing to do all in his power to release the aforesaid funds, but that his opponents constantly threw obstacles in his way. Moreover it is well known that the money so tied up, about $200,000, would be a mere bagatelle for the relief of the evicted tenants, who will be much better provided for under the new Land bill, which Mr. Parnell, in spite of McCarthyite opposition, has done his utmost to have passed in such a form that the poor as well as the rich Irish tenants will be greatly benefitted. Had Mr. Parnell's counsel been followed in the first place, the rather Quixotic Plan of Campaign would never have been attempted, and there would be few, if any, evicted tenants to maintain in Ireland, and such tenants as adopted the Plan would have been spared the humiliation of an almost ignominious surrender to the landlords.

Dr. Emmet's oracular statement that "Mr. Parnell is now politically dead, and can never be resuscitated to hold a position of trust," will be read with contemptuous smiles by the millions of Irish people who remember that while Dr. Emmet, Eugene Kelly and others of their ilk were "taking their ease" in New York, Parnell, as a mere boy, was doing all that in him lay to aid and comfort the Fenian prisoners in English penitentiaries; and that when Ireland, abandoned by her rich and fashionable sons in this country, including Dr. Emmet and Mr. Kelly, lay helplessly at England's feet, this young Samson smote the Philistines in the face, lifted the gates of the English Gaza from their massive hinges and showed the Irish people the road to manly resistance and personal independence.

Had Charles Stewart Parnell not existed, neither Dr. Emmet, Mr. Kelly or any of their satellites would have been heard of in Irish matters. The concluding quoted portion of Dr. Emmet's fulmination shows the true inwardness of the whole base and ungrateful movement. It means alliance with, and dependence on, the English Whigs. Mark the language: "The friends of Ireland cannot stand by inactive and expect the Liberal (Whig) party of England to bear the brunt," etcetera. And then follows: "*Money is needed and needed quickly*" "Aye, there's the rub." Well, THE CITIZEN hopes it will continue to be needed, because it has no faith in any English Whig hypocrite or any Irish parasite of an English Whig hypocrite that ever lived. Parnell is right in distrusting the Whigs entirely. The Tories are bad, but the Whigs are worse. The Tories shoot the Irish—the Whigs starve them. The Tories hang the Irish—the Whigs make them beggars. The Tories are not deadly enemies of Irish material prosperity—the Whigs are. The Tories take an active interest in the relief of Irish famines brought about by the misrule of all English governments—the Whigs look upon Irish famines as "dispensations of providence," and as an easy method of settling the vexed question of what Lord John Russell—that Whig demon who is now, most likely, roasting mightily in the devil's private kitchen—used to call "a surplus population."

Whig alliance! That is what Dr. Emmet and his friends would have. It is what the Irish Nationalists, the world over, cannot have. Greater men than Dr. Emmet died politically—perhaps physically also—of the Whig alliance—Daniel O'Connell and Sharman Crawford. Mr. Parnell's policy is that of independent opposition to all English parties, with the object of wringing from each concessions that are likely to benefit Ireland both industrially and nationally.

INDORSED THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A *Herald* dispatch, from Chebanse, Ill., dated June 9, says: "A noticeable feature of the commencement exercises of our public school was a most interesting and patriotic address by a Catholic priest, the Rev. J. J. Burke. He declared among other things that the public schools were more suitable to the majority of our citizens than any other system that could be devised; that all they needed was to be properly directed and protected, and that since they were looked upon as a bulwark of our nation whoever struck at them struck at the life's blood of our country. The address was frequently interrupted by applause. He closed with a beautiful picture of what is recognized in general as a true education—moral, intellectual and physical—and the benefits it confers on man. 'Those who receive such an education,' said the speaker, 'will always love God and will ever hold themselves in readiness at their country's call to defend her laws and institutions.'"

THE IRISH AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Ireland has no parliament of her own to vote her an appropriation for proper representation at the approaching World's Fair, she is left to the tender mercies of an imperial appropriation, which will be termed British, the same to be distributed by the British commissioners, appointed by the government of Lord Salisbury. Messrs. Redmond and O'Connor, M. Ps., like good and faithful representatives of Ireland, called on the World Fair officers in this city the other day, and were informed as above. The World's Fair directors, General Davis and all his officers, are friendly to the idea of an Irish exhibit. There are at least 15,000,000 people of Irish birth or immediate descent in America, and it would pay both financially and sentimentally to have them fully represented at the coming Exposition. In an interview with Vice President Bryan who, like Director General Davis, is partial to Ireland, Mr. William Redmond, M. P., said: "Ireland will probably astonish you with her varied and valuable products. In textile fabrics there will be displayed woolens, including the finest tweeds, Irish laces, balbriggan hosiery, linen, flax and hemp and cords and ropes enough to hang all the world. Then there will be a display of the renowned and beautiful Belleek pottery, second only to the Sevres china of France. In machinery our great manufactories of agricultural implements will have a display, as will also the great ship building interests of Belfast. It is in the Belfast yards that all of the great White Star line of Atlantic steamers are built. Brewed and distilled liquors are among Ireland's noted exports. They will be displayed, including the fine Irish whiskies and the Guinness stout. Irish mineral waters have taken prizes at every European exposition and in Australia, and no exhibit would be complete without them. All these things will be fully shown at the World's Fair."

Mr. John O'Connor, M. P., said: "I think the prospects are for the greatest exposition ever held. I was released from prison on the day of the close of the Paris exposition, so I did not see it, but I believe yours will be greater. We hardly expect a separate exhibit, as the British parliament will make a lump exhibit, but the Irish features will be distinctively displayed. Irish residents of America are as anxious for this as we are. Of course there will be no difference in Ireland over the exhibit. All parties will unite in it and will bury political feelings in that."

Both of the Irish members are taking an active interest on behalf of Ireland in the matter of the World's Fair, and will call the attention of Mr. Parnell, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Thomas Sexton to the necessity that Ireland should have a separate appropriation, or, failing that, be allowed a separate special place of display in the space allotted to the exhibits of the alleged United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in the greatest art and industrial show of the nineteenth century. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that this good work may not be lost sight of, as it is one in which all sections of the Irish people, Orange and Green, orthodox and heterodox, Parnellite and McCarthyite, ought to heartily join, and we believe they will. By the way, it seems to us that the wealthy men of Irish race in this and other cities are rather supine in the matter. The rich representatives of all other races seem to be up and stirring. Why not they? They ought to remember the last as well as the first part of Burns' poetical injunction to the young man in search of wealth:

> To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her,
> And gather gear by every wile
> That's justified by honor;
> Yet, not to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.

WHYS?

Why should not owners of vacant lots be compelled to fence their property?

***

Why should horses, cows and mules be allowed to run wild on vacant lots, unfenced, converted into very free and easy "commons" in residence neighborhoods?

***

Why cannot some American citizen invent an American hat or cap for American soldiers and policemen? The Russian, Prussian and British pot "helmet" must go. It is unsightly and a grievance.

***

Why does a woman always turn her head on one side, like a bird, when she approaches a looking glass?

***

Why does a man uncover his head in a draughty elevator?

***

Why do policemen always wear shoes three sizes too large for them?

***

Why do ladies always get off a street car with their faces toward the rear platform?

***

Why do barbers always talk to themselves, when shaving silent customers?

***

Why does the man who drops in "for only a few minutes" go into camp with the busy editor?

***

Why does the man who "does not wish to occupy your time" always waste an hour or two in explaining why he called?

***

Why do not all men know that it is a matter of common decency to take off their hats in a private office, especially when ladies are present?

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S SENTIMENTS.

Archbishop Ireland is on the patriotic warpath against what he calls "the Lucerne conspiracy." The archbishop is nothing if not vigorous. Hear him, as interviewed by a St. Paul newspaper the other day:

> "The whole proceeding [by the European priests and bishops] is an insult to American nationalism, and reveals the fact that certain Europeans imagine America to be a sort of African Congo, without autonomy of its own and incapable of life without a constant application of European galvanic batteries. Catholics are mortified that their religion is made the occasion and the pretense of this insolent foreign intermeddling. Strange news, indeed, for the American ears to hear that the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors in Rome had been instructed by their home governments to bring to bear upon the vatican their influence in aid of Herr Canenaly's plan of campaign. * * * We can easily picture a further extension of this foreign ambition to rule Catholic affairs in America, and in a few years the ecclesiastical map of the country would show the fingerings of every foreign principality whose emigrants choose to touch our shores. This attack of foreignism upon the church in America is killed from its own audacity. So long as it worked stealthily by secret embassies and back door entrances it was dangerous and was doing harm. Catholics in America, whatever the race from which they have sprung, will be more vigilant in the defense of their rights, both as Catholics and as Americans."

THE city government is beginning to do somewhat better in the matter of cleaning streets, alleys, and vacant lots, but there is still great room for improvement.

The playing of hard ball, or ball of any kind, on the public streets should be suppressed by the police. The balls are as hard and heavy as stones, and any child hit by them would, in all probability, be fatally injured.

SIR JOHN MCDONALD, late premier of the Dominion, was a brainy Scotchman, a belligerent Canadian, and an inveterate Tory. His death closes, we think, the era of conservatism in Canada. That policy in our northern neighbor means debt piled on debt. Uncle Sam may now say to Canada, "Come into my arms, my clamp of turf." But does he want the turf?

DIRECTOR GENERAL DAVIS, like the Romans, captures the representatives of foreign states and leads them in triumph to and through Chicago. The difference in this case is that his captives are captured by kindness instead of force.

PARNELL has his faults, but yielding to English dictation is not one of them.

EVERY Irishman and every Irishwoman in this city, who believes in the principles of Wolfe Tone and John Mitchel should give Parnell's envoys a cordial greeting.

GETTYSBURG, OR WATERLOO?

Which Was the Greater Battle?

At Gettysburg there were present in action 80,000 to 85,000 Union troops, and of the confederates some 65,000. At Waterloo there were 120,000 soldiers of the Allies under Wellington and Blucher, and 72,000 French under Napoleon; or, there were about 150,000 combatants at Gettysburg and about 190,000 at Waterloo. In each case the weaker army made the attack and was defeated. Lee did not have to face such heavy odds as Napoleon; but, whereas Napoleon's defeat was a rout in which he lost all his guns and saw his soldiers become a disorganized rabble, Lee drew off his army in good order, his cannon uncaptured, and the *morale* of his formidable soldiers unshaken. The defeated Confederates lost in killed and wounded 15,530, and in captured 7,467, some of whom were likewise wounded, or 23,000 in all; the defeated French lost from 25,000 to 30,000—probably nearer the latter number. The Confederates thus lost in killed and wounded at least 25 per cent of their force, and yet they preserved their artillery and their organization; while the French suffered an even heavier proportional loss and were turned into a fleeing mob.

Comparing the victors, we find that the forces of the Allies at Waterloo consisted of several different kinds of troops, and together with the losses can best be presented in tabulated form. Wellington had under him 68,000 English, Germans, and Dutch Belgians, while Blucher had 52,000 Prussians.

	Number.	Killed and wounded.	Missing.	Per cent of killed and wounded to force engaged.
Wellington's British..	22,991	6,344	592	.28+
" Germans..	25,886	4,606	478	.15+
" Dutch-Belgians.....	17,784	1,000	3,000	
Blucher's Prussians.	51,944	5,612	1,386	.11-
	119,605	16,962	5,456	.15

The figures for the Dutch-Belgians, who behaved very badly, are mere estimates; probably the missing numbered more than 3,000, and it is very unlikely that the total killed and wounded went as high as 1,000.

At Gettysburg the Northerners lost 17,555 killed and wounded and 5,435 missing; in other words, they suffered an actually greater loss than the much larger army of Wellington and Blucher; relatively, it was half as great again, being something like 22 per cent in killed and wounded alone. This gives some idea of the comparative obstinacy of the fighting.

In making any comparison between the two battles, it must of course be remembered that one occupied but a single day and the other very nearly three; and it is hard to compare the severity of the strain of a long and very bloody, with that caused by a short, and only less bloody, battle.

Gettysburg consisted of a series of more or less completely isolated conflicts; but owing to the loose way in which the armies marched into action many of the troops that did the heaviest fighting were engaged for but a portion of the time. The Second and Third corps were probably not heavily engaged for a very much longer period than the British regiments at Waterloo.

Both were soldiers' rather than generals' battles. Both were waged with extraordinary courage and obstinacy and at a fearful cost of life. Waterloo was settled by a single desperate and exhausting struggle; Gettysburg took longer, was less decisive, and was relatively much more bloody. According to Wellington the chief feature of Waterloo was the "hard pounding"; and at Gettysburg the pounding—or, as Grant called it, the "hammering"—was even harder.—*Theodore Roosevelt in The Century for June.*

Sarsaparilla belongs to the smilax family of plants, and is found very generally over the American continent; but the variety that is richest in medicinal properties is the Honduras root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.

For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Five members of the Darcy family of Doonloughan, near Slyne Head, were charged with having resisted an execution for county cess and violently assaulting the police who came to carry out the execution. All received long terms of imprisonment.

A man named John Purcell, aged 36 years, was drowned near John's bridge, Kilkenny, on the 21st ult.

Mr. O'Malley, manager of the *National Press*, has severed his connection with that journal. Mr. O'Malley is brother-in-law to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

A meeting of the Whig Federation was held at Kanturk recently. Several rows took place.

Several firemen were injured by the breaking of a fire escape at No. 30 Westmoreland street, Dublin.

The Most Rev. Dr. Logue, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, has transferred the Very Rev. Canon Coyne from the pastoral charge of the parish of Clonfeacle to the pastoral charge of the parish of Keady, rendered vacant by the lamented death of the late Very Rev. Canon Kelly, and appointed the Rev. Hugh M'Oscar, Adm., Armagh, to be parish priest of Clonfeacle.

The Very Rev. R.A. Canon Sheehan has been unanimously elected to the presidency of the Cork Literary and Scientific Society.

Miss Scannell, of Cork, has been received into the Dominican Order, at the convent, Lubbeck, Louvain, Belgium.

Henry Thompson, J. P., formerly Conservative member for the Borough, will be the Unionist candidate for Newry.

Richard M. Dane, B L, of Dublin, will be the Unionist candidate for North Fermanagh at the general election.

A mission was opened in the parish church of Moyvore, county Westmeath, by the Rev. James E. Davis, and the Rev. J. Wheatley, O. C. C., Whitefriars street, Dublin.

The number of evicted tenants in the county of Cork alone since 1880 exceeded 2,000, while the total for the whole of Ireland during the same period was 30,000, the evicted tenants on plan of campaign estates being about 3,000.

The Jesuit Fathers have given a mission in the parish of Columbkille, Granard. They opened missions in Corrofin, county Clare, and in Duneane, Toombridge, county Antrim.

At a meeting in Tipperary the Rev. Father Humphries said they had now received for the Tipperary evicted tenants as much money as would make them perfectly safe for this year.

The Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, bishop of Elphin, made his episcopal visitation in Castlerea recently. Over 500 children received confirmation, and afterwards took the total abstinence pledge. During his sermon the bishop warned the young men against secret societies.

The number of families relieved out of the Balfour distress fund in the county Donegal last week exceeded 2,000. The monthly disbursements through the district inspector of constabulary at Ardara for his division of the county exceeds £2,000 in meal, flour, and labor. In one week alone there were £700 disbursed by this office.

On Ascension Day, at the Convent of Mercy, Crumlin road, Belfast, the profession took place of Miss Marianne Fagan (in religion Sister M. Dympna), daughter of Michael B. Fagan, Williamstown, Blackrock; niece of Patrick Carroll, Dunleer; and cousin of Rev. P. Petony, P.P., Kilsaran, and Rev. J. Powderly, P.P., Clogher.

The number of holdings in Ireland valued at over £30 is 80,003, their valuation being £3,979,492. The amount required to purchase at eighteen years' purchase on valuation would be £107,630,856. Holdings valued at £30 and under, 472,346; valuation, £4,157,001; amount required to purchase at eighteen years, £74,826,018. Total number of holdings, 552,349; total valuation, £10,136,493. The capitalized value of the guarantee fund is £30,066,474.

Rain spoiled what enjoyment the holiday seekers might have derived from the race meeting in Kells on May 21.

Florence O'Donoghue, of the Glens, fourth son of The O'Donaghue, deceased, sailed from Queenstown by the mail steamer Teutonic, *en route* for San Francisco, where he will reside for some time with his cousin, Mr. P. O'Donoghue, one of the most prominent men in that city.

An attempt having been unsuccessfully made by the Seceders to affiliate the National League to the Whig Federation, a public meeting was held at Tullyallen, county Louth, at which it was resolved to support the National League and Mr. Parnell.

Luke Leonard was charged at Limerick petty sessions with shooting at and wounding two boys in the face. He was returned for trial to the next assizes.

At a meeting of the Limerick board of guardians a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing sympathy with the friends of the late Lord E. Cavendish.

At the Letterkenny petty sessions Constable John Kelly was again charged, on remand, with attempting to administer poison or some other noxious thing to his sergeant, in milk. He was returned for trial to the June sessions in Lifford.

A militiaman named Neil, who had traveled from Clones to Monaghan, was discovered by one of the railway officials of the latter place between the platform and the rails. His head was across the rail and one of the wagons rolled over it, smashing it to pulp. Dr. Henry, Clones, examined the body and pronounced life extinct.

A beautiful new iron "stand house" is to take the place of the less sightly wooden structure on the race course at Kells.

At the Ballynahinch presentment sessions Mr. Cowan, the county surveyor, commented sharply on the neglected state of the roads in that locality, and said it was false economy to reduce too low the expenses of road repair.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Great Success of the Recent Bazaar in Aid of that Most Worthy Establishment.

Names of the Ladies Who Made the Undertaking Phenomenally Triumphant.

The grand bazaar and fancy fair held in De La Salle Institute, has just terminated in a magnificent and complete success, both socially and financially. To those who had the pleasure of being there the institute offers its warmest congratulations. It was indeed a carnival where all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, and if the many patrons who came to the bazaar were kept busy handing out dollars to the fair booth holders—and who could resist them?—yet they parted with their money most willingly, knowing that the object of the undertaking was one to command the warmest approbation. All countries have testified to the generosity of the American Catholics, and surely this grand undertaking which has been piloted by Brother Adjutor of the De La Salle Institute, is a special instance of that generosity which will most certainly return to them and theirs a hundred fold.

While it is true that the great success of the bazaar is due to the marvelous exertions of the ladies who worked so hard and so thoroughly for the good cause, that no man could resist the entreaties—sometimes almost tearful—to "take a ticket," yet Chicago may well feel proud of the many gentlemen who so generously assisted Brother Adjutor in his herculean task of rearing a building which in its purpose, as well as in its structure, stands in the forefront of the many magnificent works of this country. The bazaar, which was carried out in truly American business like style under a board of directors, has concluded without a single hitch. The following ladies were prominent in the good work:

Vice presidents—Mrs. J. W. Trainor, Mrs. D. F. Bremner, Mrs. E. J. Quinlan, Mrs. F. Colby, Mrs. C. P. Caldwell. Board of directors.—Mesdames John Fortune, Thomas Gahan, D. J. Swenie, John Carroll, F. T. Colby, Thos. Conlon, P. T. Barry, M. W. Kerwin, Owen Murray, R. Cassidy, D. McKindley, J. J. Egan, J. H. Lee, E. A. Eagle, and Misses Nora Carney, T. Lynch, Clara Keeley, A. R. Ward; Miss C. Kehoe, secretary.

There were quite a number of beautifully fixed and gaily decorated booths; including the following:

Booth No. 1; Refreshment Table—Presided over by Mrs. Thomas Gahan, president; Mrs. John Fortune, vice president; Mrs. Owen Murray, secretary; Mrs. John McCormick, treasurer. Assisted by Mesdames J. W. Duncan, Wm. Fitzgerald, John Byrne, Daniel McKindley, John Long, Wm. McCoy, Patrick Noonan, J. W. Sweeney, Mary O'Connor, H. L. Hertz, J. A. Sackley, J. Hayes, and Misses Toomey, Annie Kinney, Lucy Considine, Annie Keough, Ella Keough.

Booth No. 2; Ice Cream Table—Presided over by Mrs. Edward A. Hudson, president; Mrs. Thomas Conlin, vice president; Miss Sarah Hickey, secretary; Miss Alice T. Keary, treasurer. Assisted by Mesdames M. J. Brennan, John O'Malley, John Conroy, Cornelius Ryan, Philip Ryan, James Dunne, J. H. Lee, and Misses Josie Murphy, M. McDonnell, Stella Whiting, Mollie Lydon, Mary Farrell, Annie Hudson, Nellie Kennedy, Mary E. Keary, Agnes Dunne, Evaline English, Winford D. Keary, Nellie Smiddy, Ella Prindiville, Teresa Heeney, Sallie Toole, Lucinda Reilly, Gertie McMahon, Fannie McManon, Emma McMurtry, K. B. Maloney, Lizzie English, Lillie Kennedy, Frankie Kennedy, Nellie McDonnell, Carrie English, Minnie Brady, Belle Bremner, Mollie Bremner.

Booth No. 3; Fancy Table—Presided over by Mrs. D. Corkery, president; Mrs. W. E. Gallagher, vice president; Mrs. M. J. Frawley, secretary; Mrs. W. E. Hogan, treasurer; Mrs. R. O. Gannon, assistant treasurer. Assisted by Mesdames E. J. Riley, J. M. Smyth, B. A. Landegren, J. J. Cochrane, P. F. Ryan, M. W. Ryan, M. J. Bransfield, F. Lienbrandt, R. W. Hughes, D. Hayes, M. J. Breen, J. W. Toole, M. Kouhard, M. J. Slattery, J. C. Sullivan, T. Fenlon, J. McNamara, F. C. Owen, M. J. Cowan, J. W. King, J. V. McAdam, A. Johnson, M. Austin, F. Calligan, F. Noonan, M. Lamb, H. Delaney, Birmingham, Fargo, P. K. Doyle, A. J. Graham, P. O Donnell, J. T. Shannon, T. W. Buhman, and Misses Nora Lamb, Ruberry, Anna McNamara, Mary Keyes, Mamie Fahey, Mollie Sheehan, Maggie Kelley, Mamie and Ella Lordon, Mary Walsh, Ruby Riggs, Nellie Milherne, Agnes O'Brien, Rose O'Brien, Julia O'Leary, Kittie Buckley, Hayes, Minnie McMahon, Rose Donnelly, Carlotta Cardona, Minnie and Ella Deering, Hattie Stone, Jennie O'Brien, M. E. Cullinane, Louise Hughes, Nellie Hartwell, Mamie Clowry, Agnes Kehoe, E. Kehoe, Mary Brazell, Celia Mitchell, Nora Curran, K. Costello, Mamie McGuire, Mollie Sanders, Teresa Austin, Nellie Feehney, M. Simon, Annie Smith, A. Considine, J. Porter, Josie O'Connor, Kittie Cochrane, Annie Sullivan.

Booth No. 4; Cigar Stall—Presided over by Miss Teresa Lynch, president; Miss Nellie Stenson, vice president; Miss Francis Heeney, secretary; Miss Alice Garrity, treasurer. Assisted by Mrs. F. J. Gillespie and Misses Kate Cleary, Nellie Murray, Ida Lally, Kittie Armstrong, Carrie Combs, May Riley, Annie Murray, Agnes Kehoe, Clara Masterson, Ida Jackson, Winifred Fallem, Julia Cannon, Kate Regney, Kittie Cantwell, Nellie O'Hara, Mamie Carney, Lizzie Roche, Belle Underwood, Jennie L. Kelly, Kate Sennott, Annie Hanlon, Kate Kelly, Rose Kelly, Maggie Casey.

Booth No. 5; Post office—Presided over by Miss May Smith, president; Miss Maggie Graham, vice-president; Miss Mary Barron, secretary; Miss Annie Masterson, treasurer. Assisted by Misses Mollie Onahan, M. Hickey, Lizzie Gorman, Jennie L. Callaghan, Minnie Cahill, Angeline Peronie, Maggie Cashman, Kittie Durning, Kittie Lannon, Lizzie Graham, L. Masterson, Bessie Fox, Kittie Clare, Mary Lamb, N. Hickey, Mary Furey, Loretto Frowley, Fanny Golson, Nora Meehan, Mollie Swenie, Minnie Kane, Mamie Touhy, Mollie Murphy, May Holway, Lucy Smith, Virginia Fox, Eleanor Horgan, Loretto Lamb, and Mrs. Charles Cook. Patroness, Mrs. Wm. Marks.

Booth No. 6; Express Office—Presided over by Miss Nellie Prendergast, president; Miss Ida Kelly, vice president; Miss Nora Kelly, secretary; Miss M. Murray, treasurer. Assisted by Misses M. Purcell, M. Smith, J. McDonough, A. Bremner, M. Conway, Fannie Connell, —— Byrne, Mamie Hughes, Pauline Brady, Allie Williamson, Lucia Miller, Essie O'Byrne, A. R. Ward, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Smith, Julia Ivory, Mamie Ivory, Fannie Gaul, E. Brady, K. O'Connell, M. Finnerty, Lizzie Garrity, Belle McLaughlin, Aggie Smith, and Nellie Manning.

Booth No. 7; Flower Stand—Presided over by Miss Anna Flood, president; Miss Clo. Kehoe, vice president; Miss Nellie Weadley, secretary; Miss Rose Grus, treasurer. Assisted by Misses Clara Keeley, Mamie Donohue, Maggie Weadley, Ella Webb, Katie Sharkey, Agnes Graham, Mamie O'Hara, Mabelle Barry, Agnes Brenock, Rose Brenock, Nellie Cahill, Kate Wade, Kate Hudson, and Kittie Graham.

Booth No. 8; Rebecca's Well—Presided over by Miss Minnie Hayes, president; Miss Annie Riley, vice president; Miss Mae Frawley, secretary; Miss Mae Brady, treasurer. Assisted by Misses Ella Fox, K. McDonald, Annie Wallace, L. Patterson, E. Flannigan, Mamie Faro, May Spain, Nellie Hayes, Mollie Gately, A. Neegle, Lillie Faro, and Hattie Fish.

Booth No. 9; Confectionery Table—Presided over by Mrs. George Vosbrink, president; Miss Alice Higgins, vice president; Miss Annie Roach, secretary; Miss Fannie Owen, treasurer; Miss Mary McGuness, assistant treasurer. Assisted by Misses Mary Hummelstein, Mary Enright, Eliza Clayton, Susie Cowan, Josie McConville, Kittie Hastings, Tillie Bailey, Susie McNellis, Mary Maroney, Mary Maley, M. Healy, M. E. Nolan, Maggie Conroy, Agnes Smyth, Annie McConville, Anna Bennett, A. J. Read, Minnie E. Sullivan, Mary McGurn, Carrie Kirby, Rose McManus, Lou Wall, Mrs. S. W. Morrison, and Mrs. C. E. Hazard.

Boot No. 10; Martha Washington Tea Table—Presided over by Mrs. Neil J. Shannon, president; Miss H. McCuen, vice president; Mrs. J. J. Cashin, secretary; Mrs. L. Leindecker, treasurer. Assisted by Misses E. Reilly, Susie O'Reilly, Anna L. McCuen, M. Duffy, M. Healy, Kittie McNarney, M. Campbell, Agnes McNarney, H. Enright, K. Delaney, Della Lynch, Nellie Kane, T. Fitzpatrick, May McDonald, Mary McIntire, Hyland, Jackson, Nelson, Eckenstein, Powers, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. M. Cumming, Mrs. E. J. Walsh, and Mrs. J. Cook.

Booth No. 11; Gypsy Tent—Presided over by Miss Nellie Lydon, president; Miss Emma Duggan, vice president; Miss Lydia Donohue, secretary; Miss Nellie Maloney, treasurer. Assisted by Misses Annie Roche, Bud Busche, C. O'Neill, Jennie Doyle, Anna Slattery, Annie Leahy, Rose Gaynor, Clara Lonegran, Nellie Doyle, Etta Enright, May Tracy.

Any notice of this Grand Bazaar and Fancy Fair would be incomplete without a reference at least to the talent so lavishly displayed by the the Sheridan Dramatic Club and the St. Bernard Musical and Dramatic Society. A special word of praise must be given to the "Ben Hur Pageant Tableaux" under the management of Miss Clo Kehoe, which was repeated by special request. D.O'C.C.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDWARD SPELMAN.

Mr. Edward Spelman, a well known Irish-American of Peoria, Ill., died at his residence in that city on Wednesday from injuries received in falling from a ladder at his Pekin distillery one week previously. He had long been prominent in Irish national affairs, and was a man of great energy and intelligence. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in July, 1836, and came to the United States when eighteen years of age. He engaged in farming for a year or two and then went to Toronto, Ont., where his brother, Cornelius, was operating a distillery. After a short residence there he removed in 1857 to La Prairie, Que., and in 1859 he married Miss Josie Leeth. In 1874 he returned to Phelps, from which place he removed to Ohio, engaging in the distilling business at Dayton and Bellevue. He next went to Sterling, Ill., and in 1878 he removed to Peoria. There he engaged in distilling and yeast making. He built the Enterprise distillery at Pekin to run in opposition to the pool. This distillery blew up, killing one or two men, and was rebuilt. Spelman was continually in opposition in or out of the pool, wherever he was, and when the trust was formed he sold out to it. A couple of years ago he built the Great Eastern distillery in the lower end of the city, and after running it a short time sold it to the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company. He was a Democrat prominent in city politics, and two years ago was elected to the city council from the Third ward, but his seat was declared vacant because of irregularities in the voting. Mr. Spelman leaves a widow and six children in very comfortable circumstances. The funeral occurred on Friday morning.

MRS. COSGROVE.

Mrs. Edward Cosgrove, wife of Lieut. Cosgrove of the Maxwell street police station, died at her home, No. 196 Henry street, about 9 a. m., May 24. Her death was said to be the result of blood poisoning, caused by wearing a pair of new kid gloves. The first finger of her right hand had been pricked by a needle while she was engaged in sewing a few days previously. In this way it is believed the deadly poison in the coloring chemicals used in the gloves entered the blood. Mrs. Cosgrove was 29 years of age, fleshy, and apparently in the best of health until her finger began to swell and pain her. She weighed 175 pounds. Wednesday night, May 20, she went to an entertainment for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul society in Apollo Hall, on Blue Island avenue near Twelfth street, where she wore the gloves mentioned. Thursday morning she complained of a feeling of irritation in the first finger of her right hand and there were signs of inflammation. Little importance was attached to the matter until Tuesday evening, when the pain and inflammation were decidedly worse. Dr. James P. Way, who keeps an office at the corner of Brown and Twelfth streets, was called. The physician immediately pronounced it a case of blood poisoning, and prescribed a linseed meal poultice, which was continued by the doctor's orders until Saturday night, when the doctor called and wanted to lance the finger, but deferred the operation on account of the absence of her husband, who had to attend to his duties at the station. About 11 p. m. the lieutenant called to see his wife, and remained with her a couple of hours, leaving her in the best of spirits and in the hands of an attendant. At 8 a. m., May 24, he was called home only to witness the death of his wife, which occurred a few minutes after his arrival. The funeral took place Tuesday, May 26. Solemn high mass was celebrated at the Holy Family church by the Rev. Fathers Wiesman and Condon. Father Wiesman preached the funeral sermon and spoke very highly of the deceased lady's good qualities. The funeral was by cars to Calvary. Eight coaches were required to convey the mourners to the cemetery.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Last Sunday was another interesting day at the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association, corner of Lincoln and Polk streets. The football game between the Emmets and Wolfe Tones was the most exciting of the season so far. During the first half hour the game was one sided, the Emmets having the best of it, and scoring two points, while the Wolfe Tones worked hard, but the wind was decidedly against them. During the second half hour the tables were turned. The Wolfe Tones having the best of the play, the wind, no doubt, being as much in their favor as it was against them during the first half hour. The ball was not long in play after the change of time when the Wolfe Tones scored a point, and after several minutes' hard play made a second. This made the game a tie, and the excitement became intense. The Emmets then got on their muscle and ran the ball on their opponents' ground, but the staying qualities of the Stock Yards boys, together with their cunning play, proved too much for the Emmets. The Wolfe Tones scored another point before the call of time, thereby winning the game. The Emmets talk of protesting against the decision of the referee owing to some misunderstanding, but such a thing is not probable. The referee decided the game in favor of the Wolfe Tones by a score of 3 points to 2. The directors offered a prize of a gold medal to the best all-round man in the association at the half-mile race, 200 yard hurdle race and sack race. There were five entries, viz: Terence O'Donnell, J. J. Sisk, Mr. Gallagher, P. D. Fitzgerald and P. Doyle. The first event was the hurdle race, which was won by Gallagher of the Shamrocks, with Fitzgerald a good second. Next was the half mile race, which was won easily by Sisk of the Columbias, with Gallagher second. Then came the sack race. This event was the cause of much merriment and drew forth hearty cheers from the grand stand, the race was won by O'Donnell, with Sisk second. It was claimed that Sisk did not take part in the hurdle race, which, if he did, would make him and Gallagher a tie for the middle, but as it was necessary to participate in all the events, the medal was awarded to Gallagher of the Shamrocks. The medal is of solid gold, of beautiful design and appropriately inscribed. Next Sunday the football game will be Wolfe Tones vs. Emeralds. There will also be a tug of war between the Innisfails and the Grattan "Giants," a wheelbarrow, running, hop, step and jump, 100 yard, and sack races.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending June 10:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	40	25	15	.625
New Yorks	40	24	16	.600
Philadelphias	42	21	21	.500
Bostons	41	20	21	.488
Clevelands	43	20	23	.465
Brooklyns	41	19	22	.463
Pittsburgs	39	18	21	.462
Cincinnatis	42	17	25	.405

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending June 10:

Thursday—Brooklyn 7, Chicago 17. New York 4 Cincinnati 2. Philadelphia 9, Pittsburg 2. Boston 1, Cleveland 6.

Friday—Brooklyn 5, Chicago 2. New York 9, Cincinnati 2. Philadelphia 4, Pittsburg 7. Boston 11, Cleveland 1.

Saturday—Brooklyn 6, Chicago 2. New York 4, Cincinnati 0. Philadelphia 3, Pittsburg 2. Boston 3, Cleveland 7.

Monday—Boston 3, Chicago 5. New York 6, Pittsburg 1. Brooklyn 7, Cleveland 6. Philadelphia 3, Cincinnati 6.

Tuesday—Boston 7, Chicago 9. New York 7, Pittsburg 3. Brooklyn 10, Cleveland 9. Philadelphia 2, Cincinnati 9.

Wednesday—Boston 13, Chicago 0. Brooklyn 9, Cleveland 8. New York 6, Pittsburg 14. Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati 3.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	48	31	17	.646
St. Louis	53	33	20	.623
Baltimores	47	27	20	.574
Cincinnatis	49	24	25	.490
Columbus	50	23	27	.460
Philadelphias	43	12	26	.453
Louisvilles	54	23	31	.426
Washingtons	45	14	31	.311

Thursday—Columbus 6, Washington 0. Cincinnati 3, Philadelphia 1.

Saturday—Louisville 4, Boston 5. St. Louis 8, Baltimore 6. Columbus 4, Washington 5.

Sunday—St. Louis 5, Boston 6. Columbus 1, Philadelphia 5. Cincinnati 13, Washington 1. Louisville 2, Baltimore 4.

Monday—Columbus 2, Philadelphia 4. Cincinnati 4, Washington 6. Louisville 2, Baltimore 1.

Tuesday—St. Louis 6, Boston 8. Cincinnati 5, Washington 1. Louisville 3, Baltimore 2. Columbus 6, Philadelphia 2.

Wednesday—Washington 3, Philadelphia 2.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	4	4	0	1000
West Ends	4	3	1	.750
Garden Citys	5	2	3	.400
Franklins	5	2	3	.400
Brands	4	1	3	.250
Rivals	4	1	3	.250

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 13, Brands 6. Rivals 4, Franklins 3. West Ends 6, Garden Citys 1.

SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING has been found guilty by a jury of sycophantic Englishmen. The Prince of Wales, a professional card dealer, has been found guilty by the public opinion of the civilized world.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, May 31.—In delivering a lecture at Central Music Hall last Tuesday night, the Rev. F. S. Henneberry, the esteemed pastor of St. Pius' church, said while relating some of the incidents connected with a tour through Ireland a few years ago, and which he graphically described:

"I was of the opinion previous to that time that the Irish people, or the greater portion of them, were uneducated. In the Catholic schools which I visited I found the curriculum of studies good and the standard of proficiency of both teachers and pupils of a high order, and I thought of how different it would have been if the Irish people who had come to this country, in bygone times, only had the same advantages for educating themselves as they now have; how they would have taken their places in this country, not as hewers of wood and drawers of water, but as good American citizens."

Very true, Father Henneberry, that is just exactly what they would have done, and that is what the children of Irish parents are today doing throughout this great and glorious republic. The sons of Ireland, when freed from the shackles of slavery, with its debasing influences, both socially and politically, and allowed to breathe the pure air of freedom, are intellectually able to compete with any other race and to keep pace with the march of progress of modern civilization. I remember, painfully, how some years ago when I was studying in a foreign university a student upbraided me with the remark that "all an Irishman was good for was handling dirt." We Americans, of Irish extraction, are accustomed to seeing poor Pat held up to contempt and ridicule while the people of all other civilized nations are spoken of with respect; but when we think of the tyranny under which Ireland has been laboring for centuries, how its people have been plundered and maltreated, and that not very many decades back the English government made it a felony to educate an Irishman and paid the same price for the head of a priest or a school teacher as for the head of a wolf, we do not wonder at the present generation of the Irish people being ignorant or that illiteracy should exist among them, but we are surprised that they have been able to so long resist such despotism and oppression. There was a time in Ireland ere her fertile soil was invaded by the Norman, when the Irish people were not only well educated in their native language (a fact which even Geraldus Cambrensis, Strongbow's historian, and needless for me to say no friend of Ireland, was forced to acknowledge), but also thoroughly well informed upon the Latin language, philosophy and the sciences.

"A nation's greatness," it has been said, "depends upon the education of its people," and so it was with Ireland in the twelfth century. Then her people were enlightened; education, that most excellent attainment that helps to enlarge the capacities of the mind, promote their improvement and render man estimable in the eyes of society, made them great and free and respected at all the courts of Europe. Realizing that the English marauders found it necessary before they could subjugate them to prohibit education and suppress all means by which learning could be obtained, save by their abjuring and prostituting their nationality and swearing allegiance to the King of England, the ancient and sweet language of the Gael, with its treasures of poetry and literature, was proscribed to, thoroughly eradicate, as it was thought, the last spark of native patriotism. How vain and futile all those tyrannical methods have proved to be, history plainly tells; how today, after the lapse of centuries, the Irish emigrant, whether in Canada, the United States or Australia, yearns for the regeneration of his native land, and the Irishman at home still struggles for freedom and what is more is fully determined to obtain it. About forty years ago a so called national system of education was established in Ireland for the purpose of denationalizing the people, but like all similar previous experiments of the kind it has miserably failed and has been instrumental in making more patriotic and better Irishmen of them. Every possible means that the cunning and astute statesmen of England could devise was resorted to. Text books, that while replete with information upon English historical subjects, contained no reference to Ireland or Irish history save the conquest during the reign of Henry II. and the union of 1800 were supplied to the pupils at a nominal cost, still it has failed to Anglicize the youth of Ireland or create any respect for England or English institutions.

Since the Fenian rising of 1866-67 the old system of civil service patronage has been abolished in the Inland Revenue departments of Great Britain and Ireland and a system of competitive examination introduced instead, and today nine tenths of the excise and customs officers of the three kingdoms are Irishmen, a fact which indisputably proves that the Irish are intellectually superior to either the English or Scotch. "In one of those same schools that I visited," said Father Henneberry, "I told the boys to prepare themselves well, not for leaving Ireland but to stay in Ireland." The pregnant curse of Ireland for generations has been too much emigration. The youth of the country, both male and female, the cream and marrow of the population, have either been induced by false promises or forced by tyranny to leave their native homes and seek shelter in foreign lands, among strangers, and to leave the old and decrepid at home to fight for their rights. Nothing pleases the English government better than to see Ireland depopulated. At the present time that country has a little over four million inhabitants, although it is capable of supporting in comparative decency and comfort, five times that number.

Its great agricultural and mineral resources, its splendid natural advantages for commerce and its fine fishing industry is allowed to remain undeveloped, and all England cares about Ireland is to destroy its trade, devastate its fields and convert it into a stock raising country for the benefit of John Bull's stomach. Iron ore of a good quality exists in the province of Ulster; the plains of Meath, Fermanagh and Cavan are embedded with coal, and copper and lead have been found in Munster, and manganese at Howth, county Dublin, so that with all those natural facilities there is nothing to prevent Ireland from becoming a great manufacturing country if care were taken by the government to foster its industries. There are also the fisheries of Ireland, from which her people are only permitted to reap a few, if any, of the benefits. Being too poor to purchase boats and nets or to build piers, the fishermen can only fish in skiffs in the shallow waters adjacent to the coast, while the Scotch fishermen are voted an annual subsidy by the British parliament. It ought to be the policy of all true friends of Ireland to counsel the Irish people to stay at home and to continue and fight for their rights till achieved, and complete independence of England is secured. Every shipload of emigrants that leaves Ireland is a blow aimed at its national strength and renders it more powerless against tyranny and oppression. Discountenance Irish emigration then, by all means, and if possible stop it, and thereby you will hasten the day of Ireland's regeneration, and when that day comes and her people walk forth to nationhood from the sepulchre of slavery the natural energies, abilities and talents of Irishmen that succeed so well under favorable conditions in foreign lands will find ample fields for employment at home.

WM. J. COYLE.

Hibernian Rifles' Picnic.

Company B, Hibernian Rifles, will hold their great annual picnic tomorow (Sunday, June 14) in Kuhun's park. Special arrangements have been made with the North Chicago Street Railway Company to run twenty-five extra cable trains on Milwaukee avenue for the transportation of the picnickers to and from the park. The members of Company B have made elaborate arrangements for the handling of a large crowd and it is hoped their efforts will be crowned with well deserved success.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S POSITION.

Archbishop Croke is reported as saying that he is afraid the cause of Home Rule is lost, because of the strange obstinacy of a certain section of the Irish people in preferring the personal fortunes of one man to the cause of their country. We hope that Archbishop Croke is mistaken with respect to the prospects of Home Rule; we are very sure that he is mistaken as to the cause which has worked its injury. The hope of Home Rule rests in very large measure upon the sympathy and active aid of lovers of liberty outside of Ireland. These have been more pained and disappointed by the success of the unscrupulous methods resorted to by the priesthood to control the Irish vote than they have been by the loyalty of Irishmen to their ablest and bravest leader. Those people outside of Ireland who have contributed liberally of their means and given their moral support to the cause of Home Rule have not been seeking merely to obtain for the Irish people a change of masters by transferring the powers of government to a political priesthood. One of the chief essentials for the preservation of liberty is absolute divorce of church and state; and the Irish people could do more at this time to retain the sympathy of the world and prove their fitness for self government by shaking themselves free from the domination of the priest in political affairs than by following the opposite course.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father T. Smith, of Belvidere, will assist at St. Stephen's during the summer months.

The Rev. Father Scanlan, of Aurora, will be assigned to St. John's church during the absence of the pastor.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, pastor of St. John's church, took his departure for a trip to Europe last week and will be absent about three months.

The pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent School, on Taylor and Lytle streets, are preparing a fine entertainment for the benefit of the school, which will take place about June 26.

The Rev. Father Dinneen has been transferred from Dixon to Washington, Ill. The Rev. Father Walsh, of Wilmington, goes to Dixon, and the Rev. Father Lynde from Dixon to Aurora.

There is on exhibition at the art and book store of Dullaghan & Son, 252 Wabash avenue, a fine portrait in oil of Father Mathew. The picture is a rare work of art, and a speaking likeness of that great and good man. It will well repay a visit.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

LOPDELL—May 2, at the Cottage, Raheen Park, Athenry, Maria, the eldest daughter of the late John Lopdell, aged 66 years.

KELLY—May 1, at Little Hampton, Sussex, Helena Josephine, second daughter of Edmond W. Kelly, formerly of Scregg, county Roscommon, and late of Mount Prospect, Oranmore, county Galway.

PELLY—May 1, at Hearnesbrook, Ballinasloe, Michael Pelly, aged 66 years.

CROLY—May 11, at Greenfield Rathfarnham, Isabel, wife of Henry Croly, M.D.

DONEGAN—May 10, at Rathangan, Kildare, a trick, second son of the late Patrick Donegan, of Feighcullen, county Carlow.

FLYNN—May 6, at Furnace, Newport, Mayo, John Flynn, aged 70 years.

CONLON—May 10, at No. 17 Summer place Dublin, Patrick Conlon, formerly of Mullingar, county Westmeath.

BUTTON—May 7, at Little Bray, Stephen Hutton, aged 66 years.

SULLIVAN—May 5, at No. 74 Meagher quay, Waterford, Patrick J. Sullivan, aged 66 years.

MCCARTHY—April 17, at Maudlin street, Kilkenny, Bartholomew McCarthy, late R.I.C., formerly of Oak Mount, Clonakilty, county Cork.

MEAGHER—May 10, at Mooning, Drangan county Tipperary, John Meagher, of No. 3 Wicklow street, Dublin.

PHELAN—May 6, at Ballynarin, county Waterford, William Phelan, aged 70 years.

RICHARDSON—April 5, at Perth, West Australia, John Richardson, formerly of Blackrock, Dublin.

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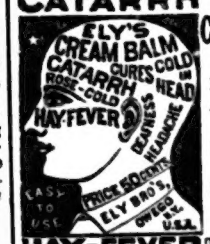

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VALUE THY FRIEND.

O heart, why fare on any farther quest,
Or seek delight or gain in worldly ways?
For thee let nature wait—the present praise;
Value thy friend, o'er all the words the best.
His smile at morn is the bright hours' behest;
For musing twilight walks, the dusk delays:
Blest love in life! how gladly pass the days,
Filled with the radiance that doth invest
The life of one who shares a friend's quick thrill
At noble deed, his dreams of storied lands,
His joy in happy loves or tear for woe;
One who knows, unexpressed, thy latent will;
With benediction and close clasp of hands
Doth point the pathway where thou fain would'st go!
—Douglas Dane in Boston Commonwealth.

THE SILVER BULLET.

In 1869 Lawrence Nutting was a United States marshal in the southern district of Virginia. The state was at that time fairly overrun with outlaws of all classes. Bushwhackers, highwaymen, counterfeiters and "moonshiners" nestled in all the countryside among the mountains, and far from towns and cities upon lonely roads, while gamblers and desperadoes swarmed in and about the settlements. Crime was frequent, and the life of a United States officer was a series of stirring adventures involving great danger, and demanding as great tact and personal bravery.

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of temperate habits, quick wits, splendid physique and dashing courage, he was never at a loss how to act; and the vermin that infested that region soon learned to hate and to fear him intensely.

Many were the expeditions which the officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts; but one man evaded him. The shrewdest and worst "moonshiner" of all was still at large. Despite all his efforts, Nutting has not yet secured Ruloff Allen.

This man was known throughout the state. His career had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastnesses of southwestern Virginia he manufactured whisky on a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills," and snapped his fingers at the law.

Several times had Nutting sought this quarry; twice he had actually caught him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still free.

Nutting sat at his office window one evening musing, half dreaming, when there fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal?" said he, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"I would speak with you alone," he said, glancing around. "I have matters of importance to communicate."

"This office is out of hearing from the street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely."

The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal and lit the other himself. Nutting followed his example. Then the man drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereon lay his belt and pistols, threw open his coat so that the butts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke from his cigar said in a quiet tone to his companion:

"You are desirous of arresting a noted moonshiner, one Ruloff Allen, are you not?"

"There's no doubt about that," said the marshal, smiling.

"I am the man."

Nutting's cigar never stirred in his lips; his hand did not quiver nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved; his eyelids dilated, then he laughed, soft and low.

"You—you Ruloff Allen! My friend, I know Allen. His hair is red; yours is black. His face bears a scar across the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good, but you are not Allen."

The other hesitated a moment, then striking a wig from his head, a beard from his chin, and removing a single false tooth, he turned again to Nutting, red haired and smiling.

"And now?"

"You are Allen."

For a full moment neither man moved. It was as though two large tigers gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said:

"Listen! I am armed; you are not. I am fully as desperate a man as the report makes me. I am as strong as you. Do not try to arrest me, for I shall then be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary you should know who I am. I will not molest you if you will do the same by me, and give me fifteen minutes to escape when we have finished."

Nutting measured his chances. Unarmed in the presence of a man to whom murder was not new, he deemed prudence the better part, and replied:

"I agree."

"Good," said Allen, removing his own pistol belt; "your word is equal to mine. We shall both be unarmed. And now I would tell you a story."

Then he drew his chair still nearer the marshal, and as the twilight fell and as the night came down he told of his life—a weird, strange history, every line intense with the throbbing passion of a lawlessness which made the man what he was.

The other listened breathlessly, the darkness shrouded both, and the cigars were finished long before the story was ended.

At length, however, the visitor paused, and then concluded as follows:

"So have I lived—as a wild man almost; and that life has the past five years been more a mania than ever before, but with a method. I am and have been seeking money, and money only. Not so widely different, you will say, from all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now the end has come. I am rich. I have enough, and now I desire to return to civilization. You can permit it—you can prevent it. I am an outlaw. Very well. I will cease outlawry, I will turn over my stills to the government, will swear a great oath—and will keep it, too—for my own interests demand it—to become a worthy citizen, and if you will accept the prodigal son and kill for me the fatted calf of pardon, all will be well. I came here to ask you to intercede for me. Will you do so?"

Nutting hesitated a moment. This man was a veritable Robin Hood! Could he trust him?

The other spoke again.

"Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me I will give you five thousand"——

"I cannot do it."

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip; then restraining himself, with a scoffing laugh, he said:

"Be it so. Then we are enemies. I to you and the law; you to me. Remember my fifteen minutes, and beware when next we meet!"

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at his waist and disappeared, but as he left the room a little piece of metal fell from his person and rolled unnoticed upon the floor. A minute later the ring of his horse's hoofs sounded through the night as he rode toward the mountains.

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extended his brown and wrinkled hand, and said, in an awe stricken voice:

"Foun' dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n; bad ting, massa, bad, ef ye 'low old nigger to say so."

The marshal leaned forward in surprise. Lying in the outstretched palm of the black was a silver pistol bullet.

"Why, uncle," said he, taking it, "this is not mine!"

"Not your'n, massa? Tank de Lord! I'se pleased, I is, massa. Foun' it yer, dough. Dat ar's a sweyside bullet, massa," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper while his eyes rolled like ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he had one cast an' carried it many years. Dey neber kill no one but de fellers dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't get a chance for to use his'n," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special bullet, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough." And he pointed toward some of the heavy cartridges belonging to his own pistols which lay on the table near.

"Dey mought miss, massa. You know de debil cares for his own, an' dis bullet is made by his help, at night, in de grabe yard, an' can't miss. I knows 'em massa. I'se seen 'em afore." Then, drawing near, he whispered, "I'se made 'em!"

"And did they do their work?" said Nutting, laughing lightly.

"Dey did, massa."

The officer now opened a drawer in his desk and took from it an old fashioned dueling pistol, which he had picked up somewhere, and fitted the bullet into its rusty muzzle.

"It's just the thing, uncle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again.

The servant obeyed.

"No use to fix 'im massa. 'Twon't only kill de one who it's made for, shuah, an' ye couldn't shoot yourself wid it, nohow."

"Well, uncle, I'll load the smoothbore, anyway," said the marshal, suiting the action to the word, "and this afternoon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half dollar at a dozen paces I'll give up that your right. If I hit, your 'suicide bullet' is no better or worse than a leaden one."

"All right, massa, but you won't hit," replied the old darky.

Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeonhole in the desk. His visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten. The dueling pistol with its silver missile lay unnoticed for months in the desk.

The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal organized expeditions and scoured the country, seeking the notorious Allen, but each time he had returned unsuccessful. One final effort, however, was to be made. Certain information which he knew to be reliable had at last, he felt sure, put the outlaw in his hand, and he looked to his horse's shoes and loaded his pistols with unusual care.

At his orders mounted guards—men on whom he could depend—patrolled all the roads. Upon the morrow at dawn, with a posse of seven fearless mountaineers, he was to storm the very stronghold of the moonshiners, and tomorrow night would find a vacancy either in the government office or in the ranks of the illicit distillers. The expedition had thus far, Nutting believed, been kept a secret. Because of this he looked forward with strong hopes of success.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He had but a few pages to complete, a letter or two to prepare for the mail, and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at that desk again.

As his eyes wandered over the mass of papers, documents and duplicate reports filed neatly away before him, he suddenly noticed the butt end of his old dueling pistol, half hidden in one of the compartments, and as the remembrance of how it came there flashed over him he was about to draw it from its hiding place when a shuffling step at the door arrested him, and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door.

The hour was late, and Nutting regarded the new comer with surprise, as he arose to offer her a chair. She accepted it with a whine of thanks and sank panting into it. The marshal resumed his seat at the desk.

"Ye are the gov'ment man, I reckon?" said the woman, after a pause, raising a brown and wrinkled face, half hidden beneath an immense hood and a pair of green spectacles, toward Nutting.

"Yes, madam," replied that worthy.

"I've come a right smart piece to see ye, for an old woman. I'm true grit, I am, but a-getting wore out. These yer mountains are a sight steeper than they was forty years ago," and she sighed. "But see here, I'm on business, I am. I want to talk to ye. You don't know me, I reckon?"

"I cannot say that I do," said Nutting slowly.

"I reckon not, as ye never see me before. I am Mrs. Allen—Bethsheby Allen—and my boy, he's Ruloff Allen. Ye hev heard of him, mebbe?" and she paused and gazed cunningly into her listener's face.

"Yes, I know him," and the man's brow darkened.

"Wall, now I tell ye. It seems yer on a raid arter him tomorrer—ye see I know a thing or two—an' ye've got the boy badly cooped up this time, shore. Not but what he'll fight, and some on ye may catch suthin besides moonshiners. My boy is smart, he is, I tell ye, an' he'll tote ye round considerable afore ye gather him in; but he's cooped all the same, and I'm afeared ye'll catch him or kill him. An' I'm his mammy, ye know."

The old hag paused and wiped her eyes. She was a woman even yet, and Nutting's heart softened toward her.

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal. "Your son is a"——

"Never mind what he is, you can save him. He's trapped, catched, cooped. But he's my boy, an' I want ye to let him go. Take his stills an' his whisky—take everything, but let him go, an' I'll give ye my word—it's good; Bethsheby Allen never broke it yet—that in less than three days we'll be"——

"Mrs. Allen, that is impossible. I'll try not to hurt your son, but capture him I must and shall."

"But if he should capture you, what then?"

At these words the green glasses fell, the hood was thrown back, the bent form became straight, and before the eyes of the dazed officer Ruloff Allen himself stood, a look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy revolver in his outstretched hand.

Silence reigned a moment as the young man gazed into the deadly tube before him.

"I came here to give you one last chance, and myself the same!" half hissed the moonshiner. "That chance is lost to both of us. I go back to the mountains and outlawry—you retire from active service. Can you pray? If so, do it now. In three minutes I shall kill you."

Slowly Nutting's eyes ran about the room. Escape was impossible—help would not come. A single cry meant instant death—he was lost! His heart sank.

Suddenly the butt of the old dueling pistol came within the circle of his vision. Cool as his would-be murderer, he turned to him and said, "Will you let me smoke once more?"

The fellow eyed him sharply.

"Smoke? Yes, one cigar," he said at length. And lowering the muzzle of his weapon, he thrust it into his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

"I have some here," said Nutting; and like a flash his hand shot upward toward the pigeonhole where lay the old dueling pistol.

"Down with your hand," cried Allen.

It was too late. There came a sharp and ringing report, a single cry, a dull and sickening thud upon the floor, and all was over.

And the moon, breaking between the rifted clouds without, looked through the open window upon the face of the dead, while Nutting, white and trembling, held in his nerveless hand a smoking pistol.

The silver bullet had found its mark and returned to its owner. The United States marshal was saved.—True Flag.

The Pretty Blue Jay.

Beyond question the blue jay is the prettiest of American cone bills. As his name indicates, blue is the predominant color of his plumage, and it runs through all its most beautiful shades along his back and tail until it merges into silver white on his breast. He has a heavy, pointed crest of dark, yet brilliant feathers raised above his head. His eyes are large, fierce and radiant, and his bill is short and strong. He is somewhat larger than the black faced redbird of the south, which he resembles very closely in shape and in the way he flies.

The common cry of the blue jay is harsh and disagreeable, and it sounds not unlike "de-jay, de-jay," but his love notes are tender and sweet, "too-loo-loo, too-loo-loo," as if his mate's name was Lulu. He cannot be tamed, and is quite unlike himself when caged.—Philadelphia Times.

Advantage of Poor Clothes.

If you want to deal with New York truckmen, cabmen, street venders, and many small tradesmen at bottom figures, wear poor clothes or send somebody else. The well dressed man who carries about in his personal appearance the signs of prosperity will often be compelled to pay double. He will frequently be made the victim of various kinds of extortion, and will get no sympathy from any quarter. On the other hand, the poor have a soft heart for each other, and the appearance of poverty insures the lowest cash price for goods or service.

If you don't believe this, try it on some favorable occasion, and you will be both amused and instructed.—New York Herald.

A Crime Detected.

"The detectives are looking for the letter box robbers and are on the right track," she read from the morning paper.

"Gosh!"

"What's the matter, Uncle Ephraim?"

"I knowed it," ejaculated the old man. "I knowed it. I suppose I've got to give myself up. Nothing else to do."

"What's the matter?"

"I dropped a letter in the box yesterday and didn't put any stamp on it, but I didn't know any one see me do it."—New York Recorder.

A BIG CATCH OF SALMON.

CITIZEN TRAIN'S LUCK FISHING IN OREGON YEARS AGO.

An Account of the First Visit of a Well Known Man to the Northwest Soon After the Civil War—How the Eccentric Got a Ducking—He Caught 264 Fish.

George Francis Train, while at the Portland, told a friend some of the incidents of a visit he paid this state many years ago, away back early in the sixties. He said he was the first one to discover salmon in the Columbia, and caught 264 in a day, and carried them across the Columbia, walking on the backs of the salmon which crowded the river; also that he learned the Chinook jargon in fifteen minutes.

Like most of the reminiscences of bygone days in Oregon, there is some foundation for these statements, but still they vary somewhat from the facts in the case. A correct account, therefore, of Mr. Train's exploits in catching salmon and studying Chinook jargon will be found interesting.

It was somewhere about 1864 or 1866 when Mr. Train first came out here, just after a Fenian scare in Canada. It was when he took a run across the line to Victoria, and the long roll of the British drums was heard, and the troops were called out, sentries doubled and detectives kept watch over every move he made while he was on British territory.

Mr. Train had aspirations for the presidency in those days, and a gentleman here has a photograph of him, presented by Mr. Train himself, on the back of which is written an invitation for the the recipient to meet the donor in the White House when he should be elected president.

MR. TRAIN TRIES HIS HAND.

While here Mr. Train visited The Dalles, on the invitation of Captain J. C. Ainsworth, and made his first acquaintance with the Chinook salmon and Chinook jargon in their native wilds. This was long before a can of salmon had been put up on the Columbia, and when the only salmon fisheries on the river were those of the Indians at the Cascades and at The Dalles.

Mr. Train was to address the citizens of The Dalles in the church, and the day before paid a visit to a salmon fishery in the rapids below Celilo. He greatly admired the easy, graceful manner in which an Indian, standing on a frail platform hung over a narrow chute, plunged his dipnet into the foaming current and lifted the salmon out on the rocks, and he wished to try his hand.

The Indian endeavored to dissuade him, telling him that he would "killapi copa chuck"—that is, fall into the river; but Mr. Train insisted, and the Indian politely yielded up his net and stand, and Mr. Train stepped out on the platform, net in hand.

Never before since the Columbia forced its way through the Cascades had such a spectacle been presented to the Chinook salmon. Mr. Train wore a green broadcloth swallowtail coat with brass buttons, a tall silk hat, satin vest and ruffled shirt. As he passed his net for a "scoop" he was the observed of all observers. He scooped, and a large Chinook salmon was caught in his net, but instead of pulling it out it pulled him in, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" Mr. Train was being whirled away like a cork in the swift current.

HE MAKES A PREDICTION.

Several Indians, who had evidently expected this, immediately jumped in, and, fortunately, succeeded in dragging Mr. Train ashore. His tall hat was dancing like a bubble down the current, but a lot of young Indians scampered after it and soon brought it back.

Mr. Train was not to be balked by his mishap, and while he peeled off his coat, vest, etc., he took a lesson in Chinook and found out what "killapi copa chuck" meant. Having stripped down to his ruffled shirt and laid his garments out in the sun to dry, he again took the net, and telling his friends to go back to The Dalles and send up an engine for him at 5 p. m., he stepped out on the platform and fished all day, piling up 264 fine salmon.

When the engine came after him he wished to take the salmon to town with him to ornament the rostrum from which he was to speak that evening, but was dissuaded from this on the ground that it would not look well in a church.

He delivered a lecture that evening in which he complimented the pioneers on their bravery and fortitude in immigrating to this section, and told them that while they were seeking for gold in the mountains and hoping to get wealth from their herds of cattle, which ranged on ten thousand hills, there was immense wealth swimming past their doors unnoticed.

He then predicted that in a few years the salmon of the Columbia would be canned and exported to the uttermost ends of the earth, and would become one of the great products of this state, all of which has become true.—Portland Oregonian.

Days for the Saints and Saints for the Days.

The Puritan iconoclasticism which tore from church walls pictures of the lovely Madonna, and gave images and rosaries and crucifixes to be burned; which built the desolate, bare, ugly meeting houses of early New England, and scowled with Bradford on the Christmas games, was simply a declaration that the multiplication of pictures and rosaries and images had not made men and women more truthful, upright, liberty loving and self denying; had not yet purified and ennobled human life in England.

Perhaps they were doing the good work, but imperceptibly to the eager Puritans. Saints' days and rosaries, they said, will not bring a heaven upon earth. There are probably enough dead saints in the calendar to make a saint's day of every day in the year. But what we need, brethren, is not so much days for the saints as saints for the days.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

Quick Profits.

A few years ago, in this city, a vessel that had been disabled at sea was towed to a wharf. She belonged to one William Weldon, a well to do merchant. Weldon had met with many reverses in the way of vessel losing, and this loss almost put him out of heart. The vessel was named the Golden Gate.

In conversation one day with the captain of the vessel Weldon said:

"Captain, I have made my mind up not to enter into any more vessel enterprises. I will sell you the Golden Gate for $600 cash."

"But I'm not able to buy," said the captain.

There was in Weldon's employ at this time a green looking boy by the name of John Bell, who overheard the conversation. When the captain left, undecided, John slipped into his employer's office and said:

"If you please, Mr. Weldon, what will you sell the Golden Gate for?"

"Well," said Weldon, "I offered her to Captain Bently for $600. But why do you ask?"

"Will you sell her to me for $600?" asked John.

"Why, of course, since I offered her to Bently for that sum; but you have no money, John. I told Captain Bently I would sell for cash."

"Consider her sold to me," said John, "if you please, and I will bring the money at once."

When the Golden Gate was pulled up at the wharf John Bell happened to be there, and he heard a man remark: "She is badly jammed up, but she is worth $1,800. I will give that for her as she is. But Weldon can fix her up at half that expense and have a new vessel."

Before night John Bell had sold the vessel to the man who made the remark for $1,800, paid Weldon $600 and was $1,200 in pocket.

Washington and "The Old Army."

The toast assigned me is "The Old Army." Yes, that army is "old," older than the present government. It began to take form the moment the colonists made a lodgment on the coast of Massachusetts and Virginia; grew in proportion up to the French war of 1756, and still larger during the Revolutionary war, 1776–83.

In 1783 the armies of the Revolution were all disbanded, except "eighty privates and a due proportion of officers, none to exceed the rank of captain," to garrison West Point and Fort Pitt.

In June, 1784, the congress of the thirteen states provided for two companies of artillery and eight of infantry, not to exceed 37 officers and 700 enlisted men. In 1786 it increased the number to 46 officers and 840 men. At that date these troops garrisoned the frontier posts, viz., Fort Harmer, now Marietta, O.; Vincennes, Ind.; and Venango, N. Y., in addition to West Point, Fort Pitt, and Springfield, Mass. Then came 1789, with its new constitution, and Washington became its first chief executive.

He was the father of this nation. No man ever better comprehended the meaning of the expression, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" that government was meant to "govern," not to be governed; that force to compel the right was as necessary as patriotism, industry, thrift, and patience to the citizen, and one of his first acts was to organize an army as the right hand of his administration of law and justice in the face of clamoring theorists. His efforts resulted in the formation of the present army of the United States.—"General Sherman's Last Speech" in Century.

Footstools in Theaters.

There is an arrangement in most European theaters which I am astonished to see our theater owners neglect so long. I refer to footstools. If you go to the theater and take a look at the ladies present you will notice that after an act or two many of them, especially those who are diminutive in stature, are evidently very uncomfortable. Their discomfort is owing to the same cause as that of the man who was hanged—their feet cannot reach the ground. After a short time you may be certain that many of the pedal extremities are in the arms of Morpheus. You will notice that many ladies put the toe of one foot on the ground and raise the heel in the air. Upon the instep the other foot is rested and a momentary relief obtained.

European managers recognize the fact that a seat that is comfortable enough for a man of average size is very unsuitable for a woman, and accordingly at the entrance of the theater you can always find a woman who keeps little stools which she rents for a trifle. Any lady who has used them is surprised at how much the ease afforded adds to the enjoyment of the play. Many own their own stools, and bring them to the theater as regularly as they do their opera glasses. They are made of carved wood, with the legs hinged so as to be folded back, and can be carried with little more inconvenience than that entailed by taking a good sized prayer book to church. They are inclosed in handsomely embroidered bags with a handle, and if adopted here could not fail to be popular.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Making Minutes Count.

A poor girl, who works all day in the mending room of an embroidery factory, told me how the girls used their spare minutes. There were thirty of them, and whenever a piece of embroidery came from the great looms it went into their hands to be looked over and mended, so what they did was "piece work," and any minutes they gave up were deducted from their time at the end of the week. After thinking it over they decided that each one could spare ten minutes a day, and the one who was having her ten minutes read to the others. In this way they got 300 minutes a day, 1,800 minutes a week, and—whoever among you is a good arithmetician—count how many minutes a year that would be for them. Doesn't this make you, who govern your own time, a bit ashamed?—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

A FAMOUS CAFE.

What Delmonico's Is to New York Tortoni's Is to the Gay People of Paris.

Let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cafes—the Cafe Tortoni.

Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you, but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon became fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it. Among the habitues was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising.

Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure in seeing Spolor play, he had such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard player and very proud of his talent. A bet was made; a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours 40,000 francs. You see that it is sometimes useful to know how to play billiards.

One of the most curious types of the Cafe Tortoni was Prevost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones:

"Pardon me! A thousand pardons! Is monsieur good enough to desire anything?"

It was exquisite. What was no less so—to him—was that in giving change he kept the best part of it for himself. If detected by chance he had but to repeat:

"Pardon me! pardon me! a thousand pardons!"

Nowadays the Cafe Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of letters. Toward 6 o'clock are found now and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit—Albert Wolff, Emile Blavet, Henry Fouquier and finally Aurelien Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris.—Francisque Sarcey in Scribner's.

A Telegraphist's Freak.

In connection with the opening of the London and Paris telephone a good story is told of the early days of telegraphing, when telephones were not yet thought of, and when conversation had to be carried on, metaphorically speaking, with the help of the Morse instrument. At the time referred to there were two competing companies working with the Continent. One was the Submarine, with its office in Threadneedle street; the other the Electric and International, with its offices in Telegraph street, not many yards separating them. One worked to France, the other to Holland. Both used the Morse printing form of apparatus. The competition did not prevent the respective staffs from meeting in a fraternal way, and on the occasion in question it became evident that two of them had been hobnobbing just before each took up his duty at the different offices at 11 p. m.

At about ten minutes past 11 the telegraphist who was in charge of the relay at Amsterdam was asked by Telegraph street to join him up to Brussels. This was done, and Brussels was requested to switch him on to Calais, and Calais was desired to join through to London. The line thus formed was from London to Orfordness, on the Norfolk coast; across the North sea to Scheveningen, on the Dutch coast; through Holland, through Belgium, through France, across the English channel and back by Dover to London. And all this trouble was taken by the Telegraph street man to ask his "chum" in Threadneedle street "if he had picked up his pipe when leaving the pub?"—London Tit-Bits.

He Kept the Key.

The late Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, one night sitting later than usual sunk in the profundities of a great folio tone, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse, so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby, the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary."

"I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed."

"That's right, Mary; I like timeous hours."

On his way back to the study he passed the coal closet, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to light the fire.

"Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet."

Half an hour later there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary, go back to your bed."

Another half hour and another knock, with an entreaty for the key as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

"Go and let the man out."

Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all night in the coal closet, where, Pyramis and Thisbe like, they had breathed their love to each other through the keyhole.—Irish Times.

No Fireproof Buildings.

There is hardly a new hotel or business building in New York but that is advertised as fireproof, and yet a leading architect told me the other day that such a thing could not exist.

"They may be fireproof to all intents and purposes," said he, "but if inflammable material be in them and it get afire the iron girders and beams will so expand that they will let the floor above down. When one floor falls in an iron beamed building they all go, and then the side walls fall. The ruin is usually more complete than it is in an ordinary building. We do not build those iron fireproof fronts any more, because in case of a fire they fall forward and demolish the building across the street."—New York Herald.

IS LYING NECESSARY?

An Experience in Truth Telling That Wasn't a Gaudy Success.

A great many persons pretend to sadly deplore the fact that society is ever telling a great many little white lies. Frankness is strongly recommended and people are praised for saying just what they think.

Frankness appears very admirable in theory, but it is quite another thing in practice. A certain amount of deception seems really necessary for the welfare of society, and the man or woman who tries to get on wholly without it is likely to have few friends and many enemies.

It is said that the minister of a certain Chicago church became disgusted with the untruthfulness of mankind and preached a vigorous sermon in denunciation of society falsehoods. He declared that lies told out of politeness were just as wicked as those told with deliberate intention of deceiving. In fact, these society lies get folks into the habit of lying, and they readily pick up the other kind.

The sermon made a great impression upon the hearers. Many of the congregation resolved to reform then and there.

Coming out of church Deacon Jones said to Judge Badger, who sat in front of him, "Judge, I hope you didn't mind my putting my feet under your pew?" The judge was about to reply, "Oh, certainly not;" but he thought of the sermon and answered:

"I did, though; your old boots took up all the room and were a fearful nuisance."

"Well," said the deacon, "the hair oil you use smells so it nearly forced us to leave the pew."

They glared at each other, and just then Mrs. Badger and Miss Jenkins came along. Miss Jenkins had asked:

"How do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, I thought it just lov—" began Mrs. B., and then she thought of the sermon and continued:

"No, I didn't either. It is a horrid thing, and I wouldn't be seen with it on."

While these honest conversations were going on Mrs. Smith had said to her next door neighbor, Mr. Murray:

"I hope the crying of our baby last night didn't disturb you?"

And Mr. Murray replied:

"No—that is—yes, I wanted to brain the brat."

And then Mrs. Smith called him a wretch and wept. Then the minister came out and asked young Symonds how he liked the sermon. Symonds said:

"It was a grand ef—er—. No, parson, it was blamed nonsense."

"Sir!" said the parson, and he drew himself up very indignantly.

Just then Smith and Murray, after being real frank with each other and telling a few plain truths, clinched, and Deacon Jones was trying to hold Miss Jenkins from scratching Mrs. Badger.

It took tremendous efforts to stop the rows and prevent a scandal, and as it was, every one went away mad with everybody else.

The minister went home and meditated in a gloomy frame of mind for three hours, and finally concluded that society lying was wicked, but he would not preach against it again. It was altogether too handy and necessary a sin to be given up.—Chicago Herald.

A Peculiar Fate.

The supporters of the much disputed theory of spontaneous combustion have received fresh grounds of belief from the case of Milton Hardcastle, of Baltimore, whose remains were found nearly consumed in his shanty on the outskirts of that city.

Hardcastle was an old negro of unknown age, enjoying a small monthly income left him some years ago by his former owner, Colonel Eustace Hardcastle.

It is said that the negro consumed a gallon and a half of whisky a day, and would often buy and drink the pure alcohol in large quantities, often for days at a time partaking of no other nourishment.

He lived alone, being of a singular, taciturn disposition, so that it was some days before he was missed, but his shanty was observed to remain closed, and search being instituted he was found in his bed burned nearly to a crisp, while the mattress and clothes were only slightly scorched.

The room was in perfect order, and no trace of fire was found on the hearth, which was swept clean, and as Hardcastle was known to have been unique among negroes in never smoking the whole affair seemed shrouded in mystery.

Dr. Everhardt was called upon by the authorities to make an investigation, and gave as his opinion that it was a case of spontaneous combustion. In this he has been supported by several other prominent physicians, who agree in declaring the circumstances admit of no other explanation.—Exchange.

A Hint to Teachers.

Don't give up the boy who sits in the back seat and wears his coat collarless, his hair non a la Pompadour, and his finger nails in mourning,—who won't learn his lessons and who will get into mischief. I knew a teacher who had a pupil just like him. She showed interest in him; she visited his parents, and didn't act as if their language and manners made them devoid of all fine feeling. She asked him to help her about some work after school one night, and said: "By the way, John, we know each other pretty well now. I like you and I hope you like me. I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"If I can," was the answer.

"Come to school tomorrow with a collar, comb your hair nicely and pare your finger nails. You see I like you as you are now, but I want other people to like you too, and they won't if you are careless about your appearance."

Do you think the boy hated her? No. He was never seen untidy after that evening. He graduated from the high school with honors, and is today filling a responsible position in society. He swears by that teacher. She made a man of him.—Lucy Agnes Hayes in Journal of Education.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 532 W Adams st; M O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 45, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; B A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbach, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—F H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; R S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 9 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomneta, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 B Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 419 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 142 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foshan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Madden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanash, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Fitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 225 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Orenin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brickel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas: Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 456 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierceal, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Kranta, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquez, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill. 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Oronia, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, F. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V. P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1069 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; F. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Hausted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 269 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Ford, Recording Sec., 467 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; E. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 256 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2902 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Masner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Borrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P. James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 2759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Hencly; Treas., F. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 29—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John R. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 220 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J. P Doheny, 2259 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 2455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3300 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2510 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
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Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
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Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 576, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts. at 3 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at

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Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, and new Spring Goods at that, of better materials and better workmanship than we ever made up before, marked at ⅓ and ½ below real value.

Men's and Boys' Shoes of the most durable and shapely kind—made especially for us—they too are cut almost in half in price.

All the Men's Furnishings—Neckwear, Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, etc., going at little or nothing.

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give universal satisfaction. Send us $10 and the following measures and we will guarantee to fit and please you or refund your money. Rules for measurement: Breast measure, over vest, close up under arms, waist measure over pants at waist, and inside leg measure from crotch to heel. Send Six Cents for 12 samples of our $10 Men's suits, fashion plate and tape measure. Boys' Suits, $5.50; Children's Suits, $3.

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern: Please take notice that on the 30th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39) North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE CROTSER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Crotser, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. ALFRED KENNEDY, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Kraske.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26 1891
WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

H.R.EAGLE

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CIGARS.

The Cadet, each	1 cent
Henry Clay, each	1 cent
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Rose Buds, each	3 cents
W. H. Heegard & Co.'s La Manilla, each	3 cents
Simmons, Newman & Co.'s The Bat, each	3 cents
The Spider Web, each	3 cents
Botanica, a fine Key West, each	5 cents
And the following brands, which are among the best imported cigars:	
Suburban Excelente, each	10 cents
Leda, each	10 cents
El Porvenir, each	10 cents

FINE CUT TOBACCOS.

Extra XX, per lb	25 cents
Daniel Scotten & Co.'s Hiawatha, per lb	50 cents

SMOKING.

A Job Lot Smoking, per lb	9 cents
Star of Perfection, per lb	14 cents
Catlin's Meerschaum, per lb	24 cents
Cut and Slash Durham, is worth 40 cents per lb, our price, pr lb	24 cents
Honey Dew	24 cents
Tip Top, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, lb.	25 cents
Sweet Tip Top, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, per lb	29 cents
Yum Yum, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs per lb	29 cents
Plow Boy, 2 and 4 ounce pkgs, per lb	28 cents
T. & B. Cut Plug, 4 ounce tin boxes each	15 cents
Golden Rein, 4 ounce tin boxes	17 cents
Picadilla, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents
Oxford Hash, 4 ounce tin boxes	27 cents
Marburg Pickings, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	27 cents
Mellow Mixture, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Perique, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Monte Cristo, 4 ounce tin boxes, each	30 cents
Perique, 2 ounce tin boxes, each	19 cents

PLUG TOBACCO.

Old Hundred, 16 ounce plugs, per lb	20 cents
Gold Hill, 6 to the pound, per lb	25 cents

We Even Save You Money on Your Street Car Tickets And sell you 25 West Division street car tickets for $1.00, or for 50 cents.

After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb	15 cents
Mason's Fruit Jars, all sizes; Jelly Glasses, best quality—Lowest Price.	
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	9 cents
2,500 Wood Tooth Picks for	1 cent
A 1 lb can Spring Catch Salmon, per can	9 cents
A good Scrub Brush for	4 cents
A Wash Board for	5 cents
A good Bent-Stem Pipe for	4 cents
A $1 50 bottle of Swift's Specific for	69 cents
A 50 cent bottle of Hind's Honey and Almond Cream for the Complexion for	29 cents
A $1 00 Box Wells & Richardson's Lactated Food for	49 cents
A 50 cent Bottle Primley's Cure for Coughs and Colds for	23 cents
A 50 cent Bottle Mellin's Infant Food for	29 cents
A $1 00 Bottle Horlick's Malted Milk Food for	49 cents
A $1 00 Bottle Slocum's Cod Liver Oil for	49 cents
50 Bars Good Laundry Soap for	$1 00
A 35 cent package Wa ner's Infant Food for	15 cents
A large can Mustard Sardines	5¾ cents
A package Laundry Starch for	1 cent
Spanish Prunelles, per lb	14 cents
A gallon can Apples for	24 cents
A 3 lb can Table Apples for	7 cents
Imported Macaroni, per lb	7 cents
Pint bottle Salad Dressing for	5 cents
Quart bottle Salad Dressing for	10 cents
Jelly Glasses, with tin covers, per doz	33 cents
Mason Fruit Jars—extra covers and rubbers at lower prices	
Delefoulle's French Mustard, direct from Paris; worth 25 cents; Our price	3 cents
A 2 lb jar Pure Fruit Jelly, put up by the Hamburg Preserve Works, for	7 cents
Dried Lima Beans, per lb	5 cents
Richland Marrowfat Peas, per can	5 cents
S. & W. 2 lb Sugar Corn, per can	7 cents
A 2 lb can Rival Sugar Corn for	8 cents
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cents
American Cocoa, per can	19 cents
(It is better than the imported and when you buy this you help the American workingmen).	
Pepper Sauce, per bottle	6 cents
California Peaches, per lb	10 cents
Peeled and Evaporated California Peaches, per lb	14 cents
Bixby's Royal Polish for Ladies' Shoes, per bottle	6 cents

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MANAGER,

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's solicitor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PYNE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of James Pyne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. JOHN PYNE, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 3, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

WILLIAM R. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Rooms 501 to 510 Northern Office Building,

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1884, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,
Marquette, Mich.
Irish-American papers please copy.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, AND WHAT SHALL WE BUY? SOME BEANS AND SOME BARLEY, SOME RICE AND SOME RYE. BUT NEVER MIND THOSE IF YOU'LL ONLY BE SURE

AND REMEMBER SOME **SANTA CLAUS SOAP**

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